

9/18



BULLDOZER

"The only vehicle for prison reform"

Issue No. 3
Late '81

Introduction

In contrast to our promise in the last issue that we would come out smaller but more frequent, here we are, late but larger. Without being apologetic, we would like to explain some of the circumstances surrounding **Bulldozer**.

The primary point to note is that we are much smaller than when we first began the magazine and we were never that large in the first place. It is not that those who are no longer part of the Toronto grouping have lost interest in working for political change, nor are they any less dedicated. Rather, in keeping with a long standing canadian tradition, for a variety of political and personal reasons, several people have found the west coast to be more to their liking than Toronto. This is Vancouver's gain and our loss.

Moreover for the very few of us remaining here, this magazine is only one of our activities around the prison issue. We have participated in setting up a number of rallies this year and have used other media, both print and electronic, to critique the use of prisons as one of the ultimate weapons that the state uses against both political dissidents and those who are outside the pall of middle class respectability. We are working with a number of groups and individuals in the Toronto area and a broader prisoner support community is growing in both commitment and understanding. We by no means seek a "mass politics" but isolation is politically dangerous as well as being a rather uninteresting way to live.

We wish that we could promise to be timely and frequent. (A couple of the articles in this issue are somewhat dated but we kept them in for their informative value.) But that is something that we simply cannot promise in good faith. There has been more interest in **Bulldozer** as of late amongst some of our friends. We do hope to be much quicker with the next issue. We already have two good articles for it. Anyone wishing to submit a piece should do so quickly. The end of our summer work sojourn, necessary for both personal survival and to pay for the costs of this issue, is coming into sight. (Let's be thankful for winter lay-offs and Unemployment.) So it should be easier to focus on issue number four. Anyone receiving a letter or article from a prisoner that they think would be worthwhile sharing should send it along to us. This would cut down the work necessary in gathering articles.

We have of course been most gratified by the response that we received to our second issue. In fact we were somewhat intimidated by the difficulty in matching that effort. Indeed, if it were not for that response from both prisoners and others, it is doubtful if you would be reading this at all. Although the actual **Bulldozer** collective is small, many people across the country have been of assistance to our efforts. We particularly thank the printers in Montreal, Kitchener and Edmonton who have covered for us in this area of need.

Please keep in touch, write us a note or letter, put us on your mailing list, or even send donations. The Post Office has just announced rate increases of up to 100 per cent which will increase our economic problems substantially.

P.O.B. 5052, Station A,
Toronto, Ontario,
Canada
M5W 1W4

Yesterday

Yesterday
as i sat alone
i thought
of you,
words
you've written
filled my mind,
until...
slowly,
so slowly,
i sensed
your presence near,
you seemed
to smile
and touch
my hand
as if
to say:
I understand.

freddie jo morry



Imbedded

Imbedded
between walls
a vegetating corpse,
beaten down
by the man,
fear,
uncertainty
torment
my mind,
but wait...
a spark
of life
deep
in my brain,
minute hope
in my heart,
i watch,
i wait...
my chance
to escape.

Freddie Jo Morry
Archimbault

As One

Dedicated to Harry Lewis

From within cells
that stand facing each other
like tombs,
we rapped away the lonely hours
finding one another's beauty
hidden within self-made defences
of embittered anger:
we shared the inner mysteries
of time weary lonely souls,
to discover lost universes within,
freeing us from physical prisons
to roam together as one,
unhampered by societies' laws,
the chains of mortal bondage broken,
thrown to the elements,
leaving behind, only a whisper
of cynical laughter.

Freddie Jo Morry
Archimbault

Down in Australia

Where to start? So much to say and keeping in mind our repressive censorship the task becomes a little difficult. I have already copped extra time for stiffing out kites and these fuckers would welcome the opportunity for a replay of that scenario, so these days I try to keep the points to my side of the game as much as possible. I am an open and dedicated opponent of thought scrutiny by mail censorship, and I can usually say a fair amount—as long as I don't discuss Y.L.P. in my mail. Using that ground rule, you should still glean enough to see where I am coming from, in eight months we shall be able to have more meaningful communication.

It could be said that I am a 'romantic idealist', hence anarchism fits my mold and character, which is humanitarian before all else. However, I support all leftist groups and minority groups in whatever way I can as I believe we must have solidarity before anything can be done. The day is a long way off yet before our differences will matter. I have one particular friend who has a lot to do with a local anti-imperialist group, we do not let our political leanings interfere with our relationship because on many issues we are in total agreement, i.e. penal reform (abolition), wimmins movement, anti-nukes and so on.

South Australian prisons have had it all their way since the first stone was laid and it is only of recent that they have been challenged. We have a royal commission going down at the moment and some degree of good must come out of it. In fact, some already has. The visiting justice system (kangaroo courts) are about to be restructured so that a crim can be represented, have a right of appeal, have the case heard in an outside court and so on. I feel there will be other spin-offs that will set us forward a little. I emphasize little cause that is the way of prison systems; they are as resilient to change as the bluestone of their walls.

We have only a few weeks an F.M. prison show put to air and this is a major leap forward in this state. The department has had an absolute monopoly on the media, and need I say more. And are they paranoid about it! We can't write to the station and if the department could bring it off, they would install a local scambler to kill that portion of the station's



programming. The situation is being investigated by legal eagles and I figure we crims **will** be dealt all the aces.

There are some good people from all walks, some surprising, standing up to be counted with interest in prisoner action groups. I will be involved after I get out of this kamp and am confident of reformist milage. My aim is the ultimate reform, abolishment. Unfortunately I can see a lot of sweat and tears before that one comes around. Needless to say, my beliefs do not give me the perks of a sycophant in here. I don't give a fuck and don't believe in hiding among shadows. I make no concessions to my character just cause I am a prisoner. And I am a bit bent as I see 'prisoner' as being a 'state of mind'. Freedom is part of us that no amount of steel bars, regimen or bullshit can destroy, unless the person lets it. If the place

succeeds, it is most likely that person never had any essence of freedom in the first place.

Let me say tho', that I would not like to challenge my spirit against your S.H.U.s (Special Handling Units). I wouldn't like to think they would win, but there is only so much resistance to that sort of inhumane and barbaric treatment. I never want to know if I possess that amount. Whenever I look at penal problems, I see it as a universal problem, whenever I fire up over penal issues those brothers and sisters in the worst of the hellholes will be the closest to my mind. Prisoners world-wide are not so isolated that they can't be helped by peoples from other shores. HAPOTOC proves this. And solidarity is solidarity, total and utter. **Bulldozer** can count me in. Tho' at the moment the best I can offer is a whisper. My angry shout must rumble in my belly for a while longer yet.

Your observations of institutions are quite correct. They all defeat their purpose and are paradoxically schizophrenic. They can do nothing but remain this way while the present power structure sits like Buddha atop the human race. Buddha would have a nasty fall if it was otherwise. Thus kids must be taught and not educated, and so on ad vomitum. Things are not as well in this land of promise as Murdoch's KKK press would have the world believe. At this moment in Adelaide, a quaint, reserved, conservative city of Kulture, population of 850,000, at least 6,000 kids under 25 are homeless. No fucking place to live in this idyllic capital, can't afford housing because they're on the dole. So they have pitched tents right smack-bang in the city square, and are staying there until the government does something. There is not 6,000 of them squatting in the square, but it is a gesture bringing public attention to the dilemma. Unemployment, the aged, Black Rights, etc. are all equally problematic as in North America tho' Australia has not had the violent upheavals of the USA. I may add that conception has been successful, the pregnancy is healthy and a fruitful birth and addition to our social structure is expected soon. The prisons are being expanded in anticipation.

I am not a fan of Uncle Sam's. It makes me bring up bile to watch how our country sits in Sam's pocket and is continually pissing in it. The multi-nationals run this country, as a lot of others too, and the great Australian dream is the U.S.A. The radio and T.V adds most effective are those with Yank voices. So one is subjected to Aust'n actors emulating Sam in search of an xtra dollar. We follow Amerikan footsteps.

So closer to home, I am one Black buck who is concerned about proliferation of the S.H.U.s in this country. We have two already, Katingal and Jika Jika, tho' Katingal was closed because of public pressure. Jika Jika is thriving and plans are drawn up for a S.H.U. in this state and t'won't be long before concrete is poured. There's not much more I can say on this topic. Suffice, it is concerning.

You ask about accommodation for prisoners and ex-prisoners. Both are appalling in this state. I can't say much about the former for fear of bureaucratic eraser, 'cept we still have shit buckets and no running water in our slots; from that, your imagination may continue to build a picture. Prisoners are released, given one dole cheque (\$54.00) and one third of their prison earnings which is called a 're-settlement fund' and is deducted each week. This on an average would be \$150.00 a year, so that is about \$200.00. This amount would not cover the rent and bond on the most lowly flat in this state. We do have a government funded aid organisation which is about as much use as tits to a bull. Half-way houses are provided which do nothing but lead ex-crim to prop each other up and wallow in self-pity whilst being patronised by this pseudo-religious organisation. State and federal grants of hundreds of thousands of dollars are soaked up by a host of staff who wouldn't know shit from clay and who get down on their knees to beg a 'Jesus' miracle. They should be out working up a sweat instead, listening to the sounds of ex-prisoners real needs and worrying about spiritual salvation **after** the body has been taken off the treadmill.

Tis the next morning, Saturday, as dull a day as any other with fuck-all one can do. I usually use the week-ends for study, writing, etc. and avoid the animal housing yards. About 400 crims in this kamp, 300 of them max. sec. and do you know we have no gym, oval or proper recreational centre. Four barren yards about the size of a suburban backyard each with nothing in them 'cept inadequate shelter-sheds and some lines drawn on the ground which are supposed to be courts. If a bloke was to do a week in these conditions it would be bad enough, but to do life laggings here is an indication of the state's attitude towards its prisoners. I had better move into safer areas as this kind of talk will give the Pony Express a major hemorrhage—not cause it's untrue, they just don't like us talking about it.

Australia

Financial Wizards

The "Correctional Service of Canada", quite an impressive name for a useless pack of parasites, have finally instituted a new pay program that has been promised to prisoners for eight years. It's about as filthy as the filthy bunch of bastards who designed it.

As ironical as it may sound, they call it a pay raise. They've even spent the past few months promoting it to the gullible public as the new program that will finally cut down the penitentiary recidivism rate. Like a modern-day Messiah, they descended on us worthless prisoners and brought us salvation. We're no longer slaves. We now get paid for our work. Being masters at manipulating figures and professional bullshitters, they even made it look true.

Unfortunately, nothing could be further from the truth. What the prisoners really got was worse than useless. It really doesn't take a hell of a lot of insight to see that.

According to the crime pimps, figures from Statistics Canada show that "the average single wage-earner spends about 85% of his or her income on shelter, food, medical needs, taxes, furnishings, education and transportation. The remaining 15% is considered disposable income..." What lucky bastards. The average single wage-earner can really live it up on that 15%. The lunatics who came up with this new scheme are probably average or above-average income earners.

"The daily disposable income for a wage-earner who is receiving the federal minimum wage would be \$3.15..." It might work with Einstein's theory of relativity but it sure as fuck doesn't work in real life. Minimum wage-earners just don't have any disposable income. They don't even have enough to live on unless you count eating dog food living.

At any rate, those nice people working for the chief crime pimp figure the minimum wage earner does have that disposable income and, being the nice people that they are, have decided that will be the "lowest rate of pay for a working inmate". Sure, and the moon is green cheese.



The majority of crime pimps are social scientists and believe what they have been taught in the social science departments in the universities. That includes the teachings of Freud. According to him, children pass through several developmental stages such as the anal and oral stages. A child's development can be arrested at any of these stages resulting in lifetime behaviour patterns. Believing that makes it necessary to also believe that they, themselves, could have had their own development arrested at the anal stage. Since it is their own science, one would think that they would have the common decency to follow that argument to its logical conclusion that it is possible that they just might be full of shit. They never do, though. Instead, they hire professional bullshitters, called "Public Relations" people to prove that they're not. They're not very good at it.

Canada's torture chambers just don't come out smelling good at all and this new pay scale makes them smell even worse. Just like the pig society that spawned these torture chambers, the people who can afford it least get hurt the most. The prisoners in Special Handling Units. The prisons within a prison.

Being segregated and not allowed to work, they get the basic wage of grade one. It consists of \$8.00 per week of which two must be deducted in taxes leaving them \$6. per week for canteen spending. Of that, they must buy their own toilet articles, tobacco, stamps, stationery and envelopes. Prior to this new wage scale, cigarettes cost \$4.50 per carton. They are to be raised to \$9.50. These prisoners, kept in isolation for years, will not be able to afford to either correspond with their families or smoke.

Prisoners not in segregation will, in most cases, do more work for less pay. Prior to the new pay scale, a prisoner working in a production shop would earn with his bonus slightly over \$15.00 per week for his canteen spending. The same prisoner will now earn \$9.95. Forty-five cents more than a carton of cigarettes will cost him. Razor blades cost \$1.30, stamps to write home, 17¢. Paper and envelopes are relatively cheap and perhaps he can learn to shower without soap and wash his hair without shampoo.

Strangely enough, most prisoners really aren't all that concerned with the new canteen spending. We always expect to get the worst from these bunch of bastards anyway. It is the rest of the bullshit that goes with it that is the real concern.

Money brought into prison by a new prisoner is impounded and placed in a savings account that cannot be used until he is released. The same holds true for any money sent to him by relatives or friends. He is not allowed to use any of his own money while in prison. Not for sports equipment, not for hobbycraft, not for anything. His own money is totally controlled by the state. None of these things can be sent to a prisoner from anyone outside. In short, the prisoner is no longer allowed these things.

The crime pimps have certainly come up with a story to justify it if anyone is gullible enough to buy their horseshit. Once again the term "rehabilitation" is being trotted out to cover the policies instituted by sadistic pigs. They are going to rehabilitate us by forcing us to save our money until we are released.

Their argument is that we will have more money upon our release so will have a greater chance of not returning. Perhaps, but a person would have to be awfully naive to believe that line of crap. What is a

thousand dollars after a five-year sentence? A month's rent, a two-day party, or maybe even a new suit. Who cares? We've all had more money than that before we ever entered prison. If you're just going to piss it up against a fence, what difference does it make how much money you have?

Kind of ironical, isn't it? The same crime pimps who have been telling us for years that our major problem causing us to return to prison is our not managing our finances properly. Now they won't even allow us to manage what little we have.

Even the canteen figures are a lie. You only earn that much money providing you do not miss more than one half-day's work every two weeks. That includes your visits, interviews with your classification officer, the psychologist, the parole board, or any outside organization, including your lawyer.

Their sickness doesn't end there, either. Psychiatric patients also enter into this new scheme. Their pay is based on criteria such as "attitude, performance, cooperation, socialization, attendance and conduct." Quite a lot of criteria for people who are supposed to be suffering from mental problems.



To go on any further would be just beating a dead horse. It took them eight years to come up with this. Just give thanks that they didn't have sixteen to work on it and after giving thanks, just tell them to stick they jobs in their ass.



Prison Incentive

They are going to be introducing the new pay program across the federal pens either this week or next. Although this pay plan seems fairly beneficial to minimum institutions, it sure throws a fuck into anyone in SHU or segregation. The minimum pay per day for a person in population will be \$3.15 but for anyone in SHU or seg. it will be \$1.60. This means that every two weeks we'll make \$16.00, \$4.00 of which goes into a savings account. That leaves us with \$12.00 to spend. Right now we make \$10.50 to spend and an extra dollar a day for the days that you are a cleaner. Cigarettes cost 45¢ a pack. With the new pay program cigarettes are going to cost 90¢ a pack, and the cleaner will get \$3.15 for the day he cleans. From the \$3.15 for that day they take 25% for savings, 30¢ for recreation

fund and 10¢ for welfare. This would mean that for the day that a person cleans he makes an extra 37¢. Can you fucken well believe that? On a range with 30 guys, even if half the guys don't clean, a person can only make an extra 37¢ per day, yet smokes are double the price.

Not only that, but the new system makes it impossible for a person to buy hobby craft or sports equipment using money from his trust fund, which is money brought in with him or sent in to him by parents or friends. They are saying that a person must have a minimum of \$350 in that account before they will even consider letting him transfer any of that money.

This puts a guy in SHU or seg. at a spot where he'll have to save for five years before he'll have the \$350 minimum in that account.

I talked to my lawyer about the whole thing and he's going to pass it on to someone in Toronto to check it out. Somehow it doesn't seem right to me and, if possible, I'd like to take it to court.

I think the topper comes when they tell us that if we don't have any cleaners then they will cancel common room at night, the rec area and possibly remove our TVs. Well, this fucks me right up as I just can't figure out what the hell they want. Guys don't mind cleaning the ranges but what the fuck, it ain't worth getting out of bed for 37 cents. Not only that, but they've brought in a new cleaning clause that says that if the cleaner doesn't clean in the morning up to the inspecting pig's expectations, he can cancel the common room for two nights. Talk about total control.

Well, what can I say? They seem to be just pushing and pushing and who knows how much more we can take?

In solidarity,
Brian

Pontiac Victory

A jury of seven Blacks and five whites acquitted all ten Pontiac Brothers on trial for murder in Cook County on Sat. May 9. After a trial lasting more than two months, the jury took less than five hours to reach "not guilty" verdicts on all 57 charges before them.

Closing arguments began on Tuesday, May 5. The prosecution has the right to go both first and last in this final stage of the trial. Special prosecutor, Algis Baliunas, did the first part of the State's close. Before going through the evidence against each defendant, he spent several hours trying to explain the State's theory of why the "conspiracy" was formed by "gang leaders" on the yard just prior to the rebellion. This was supposedly the result of a series of gang conflicts extending back several months. As a result, according to Baliunas, Joseph Smith, one of the Brothers charged with conspiracy, had "lost face". Since he did not have the forces to attack the other gang that had humiliated him, he proposed instead that they all "roll on the administration". On the spot, the rival gang leaders are supposed to have agreed, in the middle of the yard with hundreds of witnesses, to go in and kill the guards.



To make this incredible story wash, Baliunas told the jurors over and over that they had to understand "their mentality", that "I know it's hard for some of you to put yourself in that mentality", "they're no different from one another". In short, Baliunas' appeal was dripping with racism, with the claim that "those guys" are different, less human, all the same, vicious, etc. This is the traditional method of getting convictions when the evidence isn't there. In this case, Baliunas told the

jury they had to "use your imagination", and that "some of the most telling testimony also comes from inferences".

The defence made him regret those words. One by one, attorneys for all ten defendants blasted the State's case and its reliance on "imagination" in seeking to take the lives of the Pontiac Brothers. Over three and a half days of arguments they recounted the "evidence" presented, the inconsistencies, the pressure applied to witnesses, the bribes.

Marianne Jackson ridiculed the inconsistencies in the State's case, saying, "Even a high-ranking Vice-Lord can't be in two places at the same time". Larry Kennon pointed out that the State's witnesses were not believable, not because they were prisoners, but because they were the ones who broke and took what they could get by accusing others, the drug addicts, opportunists and liars -- "the scum of the prison". Randolph Stone, attorney for Albert Jackson, told the jury that he knew they couldn't convict his client, and the State knew it, too. He told them that the State had included his client in the case only to encourage them to compromise, find Albert Jackson innocent and someone else guilty. Stone, like the other lawyers, urged the jury not to compromise. Stan Hill described the tremendous resources of the State and asked the jury to question why the State had not presented many key witnesses, including most of its own investigators.

Leo Holt, the last defense attorney to speak, told the jury that in this case "government has been dishonest with the people". If anyone but the State had intimidated witnesses the way the State investigators did, criminal charges would have been brought against them.

Special prosecutor Thomas Preen had the last word, but did not seem to be able to respond to the defense charges. "If you really think we would do that, there's nothing I can say." Judge Miller read the instructions and sent the jury out at 2:15 p.m. with 114 verdict forms -- guilty and not guilty on each of 57 counts.

Less than five hours later word came that the jury had reached a verdict. At 9:00 p.m. a tense, packed courtroom exploded with joy as the court clerk read one sentence: "The jury finds all defendants not guilty of all charges."

Through Resistance— Victory

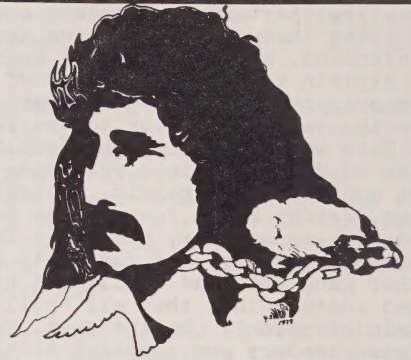
I think the reason so many people seem to be unable to stay involved in struggle is the enormity of the task. First you look at the hundreds of important issues: peace and nuclear disarmament, world hunger, justice for the poor, opposition to nuclear power, chemical pollution, the death penalty, environmental protection, the rights of the elderly, gay rights, women's rights, human rights. There are prisoners of conscience in their own nations -- Soviet Union, South Korea, Germany, El Salvador, United States and almost everywhere they have a government. The United States supports some of the cruelest dictatorships in history -- Argentina, South Korea, South Africa, El Salvador, ad infinitum.

So folks who pine for justice have a wide field from which to choose. To just make an effort to choose a sector of the struggle to give one's commitment is enough to cause an overload in one's brain. So people tend to gravitate towards a cause in which they are personally involved. Except for the Indian struggle.

If there is one thing I have learned from the 2,500 letters I have received from all over the world it's that many, many non-Indians are involved in our struggle because they realize that what our struggle is about is the very survival of humankind. Anti-nukes, pollution, save the whales, environmental protection are all actively struggling for my people.

The Heritage Foundation, a conservative research group, has advocated that Ronald Reagan crack down on U.S. citizens who oppose nuclear power and the arms race through reviving McCarthy tactics like wiretapping, informants and illegal entries (burglary). The 20-volume, 3,000-page report also encourages providing weapons to Latin America's military governments that deny human rights. Reagan's transition team director said he would rely heavily on the report. The rising police state is one of the reasons people are afraid to become involved. I know the same things are true in Canada.

That all sounds pretty gloomy but it's not really. In spite of the fact that the numbers of activists have diminished, the quality of the people and the level of commit-



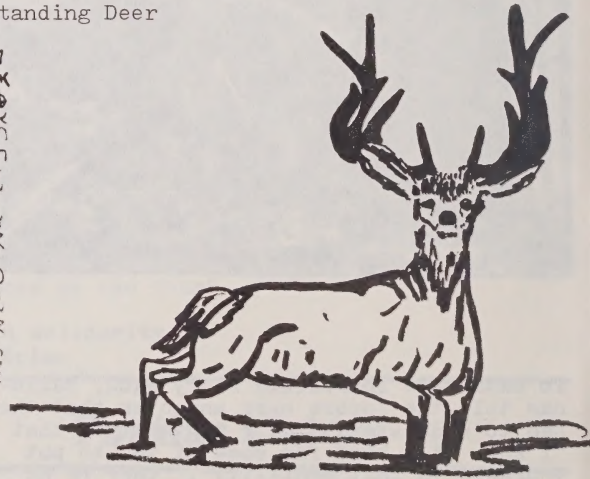
ment is higher now than ever before. And there are millions of sleepers who are aware of how fucked up it all is but think a challenge to the entrenched powers is futile. When the political climate wavers to the left those sleepers will come alive and it will be a surprise.

It is coming; we'll share the land yet, my brother!

In the Spirit of Crazy Horse, All my Relations,

Standing Deer

Ches-Ni-O-Na-Si-3k-4



"Standing Deer" 3k-4



Concerning Utopia

No, we are not perfect and maybe we never will be, but we can always try to be perfect. Ain't nothing wrong with that. In fact, the more we try to be perfect the better we will become. If we don't at least try the world will never change...

Carl Harp,
San Quentin

No Slots for Friends

Dear Sisters and Brothers:

I just finished reading the excellent spring issue of your magazine. What else is there to say, except thanks to all the contributors for sharing. As a minimum, I have learned from you.

There is, however, one point I would like to make with respect to editorial comment which I submit for general consideration. I think it is very important that prisoners not be further labelled or categorized, such as was done in the introductory comment to Rick Levesque's letter, where he was introduced as a prison militant. My argument is not one of validity, but of consequence to the individual person or group so labeled. We all know, or should know, that labels, categories, classifications, etc., are tools of the authorities. Moreover, people who are important to me I do not have to define by labels, nor do I carry labels around on my forehead, unless it is for a specific purpose decided on by myself. Therefore, please do not label people, particularly prisoners, in your publication, unless you are requested specifically to do so by the person concerned.

Make sure that the person wants to carry the label and is aware of the potential consequences. If in doubt: no label!

Ursula Kernig

The Tunnel and The Light

A tunnel so long, that it's hard to see,
The end, through the fog and misery.
That's a life sentence, through the eyes of many,
And for our thoughts, not even a penny.

At a sentence of, say ten years,
The light is still there, through the tears.
At fifteen, it now grows dim,
And the man? No pity for him.

With twenty years the light is so faint,
A man can't help but taint.
With twenty-five, the light is gone
The man is reduced to a mere pawn.

Remember these dates, are only the time,
A man is eligible, if he toes the line.
Parole is a maybe, not a must.
They'd rather keep you, till you rust.

The light must be brightened in order for,
A man to ever, walk out these doors.
When the light is gone, so is the man,
And he'll do anything he can.

"Being called dangerous, makes you worse"
Claims Mexico, and you curse?
The States say longer than seven inside,
makes a man, institutionalised.

Yet Canada gives Ten to Twenty-Five,
and expects a man to leave alive.
Don't forget, if he does get out,
Parole for life! Another bout.

When Canada gets her head on straight
Maybe she'll see, why we hate.
If she does what will she do??
Well my friend, that's up to you.

Roy Trace
Edmonton



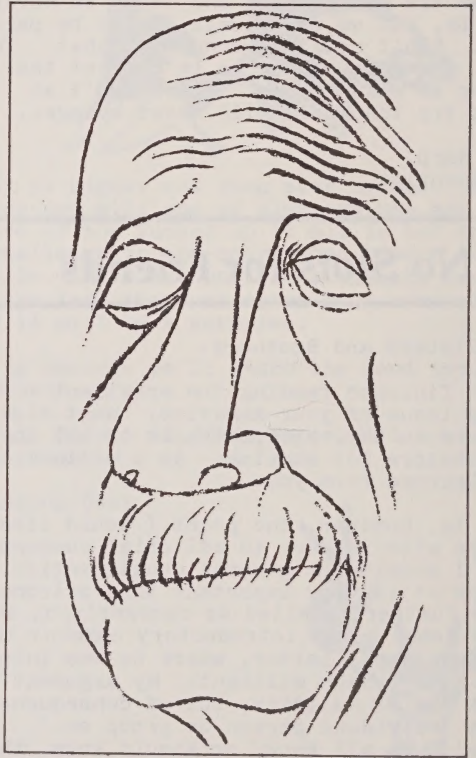
Baseball Caps...Skin Frisks...And Razor Blades

For the hundred and fiftieth time that day Walter looked out of the small window that allowed him to see the edge of the parking lot. The opening was so small that the outside bars obstructed most of the view and he could just catch a glimpse of the area where the police and others had gathered. Every so often, however, he could detect movement. Something was happening. Of that he was sure. The arrival earlier that morning of men dressed in completely in black assured him of that. He couldn't quite figure out what it was but something was definitely up...he was sure of it.

Maybe they were going to give into his demands after all. Maybe he would be transferred to the east-after all. Maybe he would be transferred to the eastern penitentiary. This tended to raise his hopes and he again looked out of the small window. Christ, he thought, it just has to happen. He couldn't go on much longer. He couldn't stand it. It was either they give in to his demands or he would be left with no choice but to do something quite drastic. What, though, he didn't really know.

He looked at the two hostages and saw that as usual they were staring at him. For some reason they just never stopped looking. Walter didn't know why. They just stared with that sick look on their faces. Especially the guard. Thinking about this, however, Walter realized that the guard had every reason to stare...the bastard. He thought back to the evening almost three years ago...Christmas Eve, it was...he remembered the same guard coming over to his cell in solitary confinement and starting a conversation. Usually Walter would have told him to "fuck off" but seeing as it was Christmas he decided to be nice to the guy. He remembered thinking that perhaps the guard was lonely just like he was. Maybe just a "nice guy doing a tough job" like the old convict joke went. Anyway, Walter had thought that the guy was one of the better ones who never went out of his way to hassle anyone. So Walter had spoken to him and was offered a cigarette in return. They had talked for awhile and the guard had given Walter a small package when he walked away. Tearing open the package he had found a razor blade inside with a note that read, "Have a nice Christmas...asshole." From the other end of the tier he could hear the guards laughing at some shared joke. No, Walter hadn't forgotten...

The other hostage, a woman, started to whimper so Walter decided to loosen the elastoplast binding that held her hands behind her back. When he started in her direction, however, the whimpering increased and the horror on her face drew him to a halt. "Why, she thinks I'm going to hurt her" he chuckled half to himself, and headed back to his post at the window.



The talking sound from the parking lot became louder and Walter strained to see out. The damn bar was in the way. "The damn thing must be three inches thick" he cursed, and then tried to force his sight around it by pressing the side of his face against the stone frame. This improved his view and he could just see the men in black...with baseball caps on their heads. It looked just like the S.W.A.T. team that he had heard about on TV. He'd never seen the program because there were no televisions in the solitary unit but he had read the write-up in the entertainment section of the **Vancouver Sun**. That was almost two years ago...before the guards had stopped the paper from coming into the unit. The paper was a bad

influenze, they said, and gave the convicts ideas about hostage-takings and that things were changing. This same type of paranoia on behalf of staff had caused the warden to suspend visiting privileges for those in solitary. This was the first time that Walter had been out in over a year.

His thoughts returned to the present and he jeered at the guard. "You know, asshole, if I didn't know better I'd swear they were about to rush us...But, like I said, I know better. They wouldn't dare, not after that mess they made of things two years ago. They'd be scared of killing you and the woman. Of course that didn't stop them before, did it? Maybe you'll be sold out too...after all, you're not really too hard to replace."

The look on the hostage's face stopped Walter from saying any more. He didn't know why but he didn't really really feel right bothering them. He didn't want them hurt. Of course he hadn't wanted that other woman hurt either. Nor had any of the other hostages in the vault. But the guards had rushed the vault and forced their way in, guns blazing, shooting anyone that moved. The first shot had hit Walter and the second the other woman. Even though he'd thrown his down his knife and raised his empty hands in the air. They'd wanted him dead and it didn't seem to matter who got in the way. Well, someone had, and the thought of it prevented Walter from hasseling his hostages.

He just couldn't figure out what was happening. There had been no new negotiations all day. Even when the meal was handed in. This was very unusual and reminded him of the saying he'd heard about "the lull before the storm."

Looking over toward the hostages he saw that the guard was kicking against the floor for attention. Walter walked over to him and pulled the adhesive tape from his mouth to see what he wanted. He was greeted with a yell of protest as the tape removed some of the guard's mustache.

"What do you want now" asked Walter, showing annoyance. "Why don't you just settle back and make it easier for all of us. You don't see the lady making so much fuss. If it's talk you want just forget it. We had a talk once before if you remember. I'm not interested in any more."

"I just want to use the washroom again."



"Use the washroom" laughed Walter, "you've got to be kidding. Where do you think you are. Use the floor, I'm not untying you again."

"In front of the lady?" the guard whimpered "why not let me use the washroom, I won't try anything."

"You damn well better not, that's all I've got to say. Go ahead, use the stupid washroom. I don't know what you're so shy about, though, you must remember how I felt every day...No twice a day...for over three years. You remember the frisks...don't you? Ah, shit, get in the damn toilet."

He grabbed the guard's wrists and pulled him to a standing position. "Just don't try anything stupid." Walter threatened as he untied the bindings on the guard's wrists. Pushing him toward the bathroom as he shouted, "And don't try to close the door either."

He thought back to the many days, weeks, months and years that he spent in solitary. Especially the last, time. Twice a day for over three years it had gone on. The cell door would open and the pack of guards would be waiting like a bunch of wolves around a wounded deer. Just waiting for the opportunity to pounce. There were always at least eight of them and two more behind the screen with drawn pistols...just

waiting. Down the corridor we'd go and out the door which led to the open air area between the two cell-block end-walls and an additional wall on each side. Instead of a roof, however, there was just a playground screen over the top. This was supposed to be the fresh air exercise area but was never used for this. It was used instead for the "skin-frisk" area. Sometimes there was even snow on the floor and often as not, rain. Nevertheless, this would not change things because he was still stripped naked twice a day...rain or shine. Twice a day, every day. One-by-one, he'd remove the articles of clothing until he stood naked in front of the guards. Only then would they begin the slow methodical routine of examining each item. Not his underwear first so that he could start to dress but first his shirt, then his pants, and then his socks...sometimes he wondered why they didn't do a thorough job and smell them. This usually brought a smirk to his face, though, and usually earned him a smack to his face for his trouble. Finally, when everything was returned to him he would take them over to the cement table and lay them down.

"Okay" the guard would order, "touch your toes and spread the cheeks of your ass." When this was done the guard would look up his ass for contraband. Sometimes, if there was a real sadistic crew on, they'd take turns.

This was the contraband check, and although nothing was ever found, it went on twice a day...every day. Once Walter had refused to come out of his cell for the search and found himself lying on the floor gasping for breath as a result of the "Mace" that they sprayed in his face. He was then kicked until he lost consciousness. When he awoke, with cold water running off his face, he was dragged to the open-air area, his clothing was torn off, and he was not fed for two days.

Twice a day...seven days a week...fifty-two weeks a year... Then, as he dressed, he went through the barrage of remarks about his masculinity. After this it was back to his cell to wait for the next search. Wait...with his stomach in his throat and tears in his eyes.

"Bastards" he shouted, startling the two hostages and bringing fear into the eyes of the guard, "you'll never get me back up there...never."

"Shit" he added, and then thought to himself...If only we had a radio. If only I knew what the hell was happening. All of the other times there had been a radio. It was the first thing which the warden would

offer. Just so he could get into a conversation with the prisoners. The radio stations would broadcast just about anything the prison authorities would ask. This would always get a quick response from the hostage-takers. But this time things were different...no radio but an immediate offer of Demeral. Even when Walter had asked for a radio the request had been refused. It seemed awfully strange. Something was happening...something was definitely wrong. Walter was becoming very upset.

He walked across the room and stood next to the door which led to the front of the building. The door that separated them from the room in which the police and prison officials were now gathered. At least that's what it sounded like to Walter. He could hear a lot of noise anyway. But although there was talking he could not make out the conversation. What the hell was going on...He kicked the wall in frustration and then in disgust walked toward the hostages. When he reached them he sat at the desk beside them. He faced the door.

As he was raising his feet to place them on the desk there was a loud scrapping sound from the other side of the door. He put his feet back on the floor and just stared at the closed door. His movement and the increased activity from the other room was making the hostages nervous and they were starting to edge their way to the other side of the room. Walter noticed this and moved toward them. His foot caught the edge of the chair and it slammed onto the floor. This caused him to trip and as he threw his arms out for balance one caught the intercom sitting on the desk. It came to life with the sound of a radio playing. It was a radio...and the sound drew Walter nearer. He was able to make out the broadcast coming through from the outer room:

"...after three days of unsuccessful bargaining, the Warden has decided that in order to save the hostages he must order his men to break into the room. The convict, Walter Levlick, refuses to release the two hostages; one a guard from the prison and the other a woman social worker. He has been offered a transfer to a prison in the east but..."

Walter moved away from the desk and the intercom set just as the door in front of him began to splinter from the loud, shattering blows against it. He tried to reach the hostages to pull them to safety behind the desk but they were almost to the other side of the room. With the last crash the door came off the hinges and the men with baseball caps on their heads entered the room. In their hands were blazing rifles

uttering burst after burst of automatic weapon fire.

The burst ripped into Walter's throat. He tried to yell but only blood came to his lips... Blood and bits of shattered teeth. In seconds it was over and a hush settled over the room. It was deathly quiet...like a tomb...his tomb. As the baseball caps hovered over Walter a mist began to form in front of his eyes...then darkness came. Through it all the intercom slowly became the main thing in the room. It cried out to him:

"...this decision was made as a last hope for the hostages and will be carried through if Levlick turns down the last offer. He is armed. Prison officials do not know where he got the gun but the weapon has been displayed openly since the hostage-taking began..."

Walter's empty hands curled inwards and then relaxed. "Frisk him" muttered the baseball cap, "and see if that woman is still breathing."

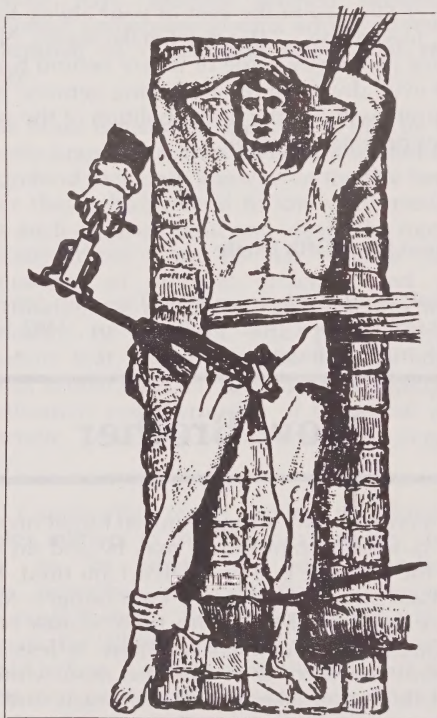
William Mackey
Mission

Love and Rage

The title (subtitled, *Entries in a Prison Diary*) of the book is appropriate—Carl oscillates throughout it between feelings of inspiration and solidarity on the one hand, and near despair and outrage on the other. Not surprising: you come away from this slim volume wondering how anyone could maintain any spirit at all in the face of such absolute degradation and injustice, let alone reflect upon it and write it down. But a strong-willed, independent sense of self comes through—from the biographical entries you learn that Carl has always been in and out of "trouble"—the good citizen's way of perhaps saying that he was a natural rebel from the start. And like many such individuals he ended up on the prison mill, a revolving door of victimization and brutality which maintains a corrupt and illegitimate legal system and which is reinforced by the 'objective' pseudoscientific sociology which justifies it. Or perhaps it is not really a revolving door, but a steady, unrelenting, spiraling descent into Hell.

There is an understandable tendency in all prisoner s, Carl included, to see the prisons of the American Gulag as a revolutionary frontline, which assumes in a sense that the most intense forms of oppression

represent a decisive centre for Capital; but Capital has no front line. Capital is a form of Hell, and the prisons lie down below its very depths. They are a form of 'living death', as Carl writes. We are all somewhere along that spectrum, nevertheless, and if we listen carefully on the first few tiers, we can hear the cries of agony below. We can allow ourselves to forget them, and we must do something to help them, for as he writes, "To do nothing is to allow everything." They are after all, our **otherness**, the image in the mirror. We are, all of us, a physical and spiritual totality which has been cleft in two, one fragment (for the moment



at least) on the Outside, deriving its outrage and its determination from its double on the Inside; and the other, locked away from life on the Inside, deriving its hope and its sense of proportion within that inferno from the support that it receives from its double on the Outside. The prisoners are saying this when they tell us, "we're in here for you, you are out there for us."

Carl Harp, whose **minimum is 95 years to life** is still able to write with hope about the future, still able to stand up to injustice, still able to maintain his personal and political dignity. We, on the outside, who have relative freedom of movement, who can walk

outside and look up at the sky if we like, can learn from his spirit. But we must ~~make~~ it a priority to get him out of there. We must never forget that these people are not the material of a political issue, but human beings.

Carl wrote in a recent letter, "When I'm killed or seriously hurt they will make me their hero, their martyr, and I don't want to be a hero, a martyr—I want to win, to live, for myself and others like me, for my friends and loved ones. The lack of support is license to murder in this case, and I request that all of you do whatever you can to the best of your ability to make waves, to save me..." We must make waves. None of us is free as long as some of us are behind bars. We cannot even dream of reestablishing genuine human community without the utter abolition of the system. It makes prisoners of us all.

P. Solis

Reprinted from **Fifth Estate**

The book is available from Pulp Press or Americans can obtain the book from FE Bookstore, 4403 Second Ave., Detroit Michigan

Flow Brother

I have learned in the struggle not to forget myself no matter how important things may be and no matter where the struggle is. I rest when I am tired. I sleep when I am sleepy. I eat when I am hungry. Most of the work I do, I do alone, on my own because one can count on no one but oneself. There is less disappointment in others this way and more work gets done. I think you take it all too seriously and judge things by the number of people involved and that is not good brother. **Flow** with and in the struggle, with self and others. Things will come and go as they will and with them, people. Maybe you are doing too much or things that need not be done now. Are you caught up in the meaningless, looking for the meaningful? Like I said above, I do the necessary which includes even crying when it is necessary. I let things flow, (or try to.) If you can flow brother, changes do not affect you so much or so hard.

You put too much into the counter-culture "movement" and not the counter-culture which is always popping up here and going out there just as it should. Do your beliefs hinge upon how many believe with you? Look at me. Look at anarchy. If I

were to go upon that, I would quit struggling. If anarchy depended upon the numbers there would be no sense struggling for it. Often and just lately, I feel alienated and isolated, burnt out etc. But I go on because I have learned to flow. It is hard, ass-kicking hard often, but I flow and from flowing gain more on all levels. I am caught up in change, changing and making change as consciously as possible; mentally, physically, and spiritually.

Yes, how else can one live but as a Revolutionary. It took me a long time to internalise that and make it harmonious with the external. Ain't got all the steps right yet, but sure do like to dance. You should in **Bulldozer** talk about **self-reliance** because there may come a time when you can't continue and they must. They must learn to help themselves be self-reliant because depending upon others is a mistake. I mean that we all depend upon others, but many depend too much on others and not enough upon self. You can't fight for me or me for you. We must fight for ourselves and with each other against our common enemy. The better we get at self-reliance, the more will join us even if only for a little while.

Together we are something. The more we are together individually, the more we can be together collectively. Self is always the first priority unless the self chooses otherwise. If self is taken care of, then what real good can one do for others except in the short run.

Carl Harp



Rebellion Without Resistance

I very much agree that "one of the deficiencies of North Americans not only amongst the 'masses' but even amongst the left", is a lack of imagination and vision. And so it seems that "all too many anarchists have no real sense of what 'Freedom and Love' are about." However it may be that like many of the other learned modes of thought and behaviour, these situations continue for want of motivation and exemplary balance—integrity. Unfortunately many gravitate to personality k-k-kultzzzz and authoritarian societiezzzz. And so it goes, cycles on a spiral to who knows where...

Be that as it is, we might continue to imagine that there is a way which could be communicated in a manner satisfactory to the desires-urges, instincts and curiosity of the other creatures of the planet...most of whom "struggle without assuming" that they will win or even survive—and the compromise is to have become all too human or civilised—thus the civil thing to do is compromise in the face of a realpolitick which can at any moment demand innocent subjects for the beast of war or monster servitude—to grind the cadavers into grease for a people's car or mortar to maintain capitalist pyramids...

In the midst of social illusionzzzz, the losers and others go about the business of predatory relations all the while pretending to comprehend the abstract rationalizations for individuality, love and liberty as depicted by the sundry mesmermedia and hypnoeducation...and such seemz to be 'the way' of reality, truth and the world order, meanwhile in the shadows and invisible inbetween of broad day-light travel the freex of mechanical meglomania—who instinctively question the hypocrisy and contradictions but may never have been introduced to autonomy, friendship or freedom. Who periodically rebel but have yet to resist and continue in smug chauvinistic superiority having chosen a non-conventional fashion and genres in defence of psychological boredom or survival in the midst of a self-destructive milieu—who have yet to actually attempt a departure from situations which make possible the ol' round and round of one step forward and two steps back revolutions...not to mention the obvious tragic interpersonal and social environs which generate these character structures one finds so contemptuously pathetic until it's your turn to remember that one is born into the klutches of the various mentalities.

And so the dictum, "The strength of totalitarianism is that it forces those who fear it to imitate it." As we cohabituate, copulate and consume in avante-garde fashions and revolutionary positions, one might keep in mind that there is little alternative for the children—thus one might also consider that the whole objective is ass-backwards and examine the child's view of authoritarian 'big-kids' and their, for the most part, bullshit learned behaviour or conditioned responses around which is structured the recourse to covert and overt anal retentive violence.

For the other ismists, their excuse is that by n' large they only know what they've been told. But for they who pretend they only know what they've been told. But for they who pretend to know the meaning of words such as love-friend and ideals like freedom or autonomy...there can be no excuse for the continuation of anomic practice and further indoctrination of the young animals into the herd relationship of predator and prey. Hence the accusation that anarchy is but a lethal immature chaos of selfish children turning the building blocks of civilization and disruption of the social order of democratic addiction to objects and degrees of power.

Well, i somewhat regret having to address such complex matters in this manner and my style may prove to be short of your standards of clarity...nevertheless, i only hope to suggest that there exists in his n' hers torical record a functional schematic for 'all fall down' but the initial problem is, as i said before, a matter of motivation and discipline for the ever present future situations when survival by any means necessary becomes more common if not vital to the truism of logic about the martial art. Otherwise, in this area one would be amazed by the contradictions which abounds in the relationship in this nation of boat people who are about the alternative neurosis of fashionable self-defense genres.

But first the final solutionzzz or at least the attempts of all concerned—here is something worthy of consideration rather than merely talking ourselves to death or into captivity,eh.

Under the auspices of community conscious police, psychiatric profiles and sales of military weapons, a

proliferation of crime, scandals and the various special interest, isolationist, economic, fraternal, religious-political and survivalist groups should make for an interesting reign of terror.

Indeed one may have already noticed a repertoire of cultural-ethnocide and provisions for mass preventative detention...You may well imagine the amazing new programs and cadre of social scientists who seem everywhere at once, yet oh so low key....'Oh say can you seeeee'

Well enough of this—communication is mostly pleasant for me but it's often counter productive when it educates and alarms those who will use our compassion for evil.

J. Frazier
Folsom

Prison Rules

The suffering and deprivations of the 18th and 19th centuries do not at all exist in today's prisons. Today we have many more privileges which of course can be taken away even up to "disassociation" from other prisoners under regulation P.S.R. 240 (1)(a).

(1) which says in essence that the Warden has the right to lock any prisoner in segregation for the good order and discipline of the prison. Men are transferred back to maximum security from medium security institutions for a variety of reasons—from suspicion of being involved in activities not in keeping with the good order and discipline of that institution, to failure to adjust to the programs and atmosphere of that institution. A prisoner being transferred back to maximum has no recourse or defence.

Yes we have contact visiting now, but we have to submit to skin-searches after the visit and our visitors are sometimes stripped and searched before being allowed to proceed into this prison. Freedom to speak out is permitted. One would have to question whether that is good or a detrimental thing. Nothing changes from speaking out and he who speaks out invites tactics of suppression and harassment. True, we can continue our education—subject matter is not always what you might want or require. Newspaper subscriptions are expensive for a prisoner that earns even the top wage of \$1.40 a day (five days a week) from which he must buy his cigarettes and other sundry items. What subscriptions do arrive are passed on after being read. Of course, the tenth guy

on the list may get the paper with many articles missing. All that we have under the heading of privileges and as such can be suspended or revoked at the discretion or pleasure of the Warden.

The attitude of Society in the 18th and 19th centuries determined prison conditions. The same applies today. Prison conditions have changed, but so have other factors that determine the quality of life outside prison walls. Fifty or a hundred years from now, society may view the present conditions in the same light as we now view the barbaric conditions of one hundred years ago.

To ensure they assert their authority, the keepers of the kept use oppressive policies. Some of these policies consist of the following methods:

(a) non-recognition of the prisoner as a human being, but as a Crown-owned numerical figure accounted for each day by a tally sheet of penitentiary property. (Since Canada is technically a monarchy the state is usually referred to as the Crown. ed. note).

(b) indifference towards attaining Human Rights, as proclaimed by the Canadian Bill of Rights. Prisoners have no civil rights, Federal Rights, or Human Rights. Prisoners' Rights exist only under, Directives of Rules and Regulations of the Commissioner of Penitentiaries' Orders to the Warden of the Penitentiary. Illegal acts of violence are committed towards the prisoner, yet if the prisoner commits an act of violence in turn, criminal charges are laid against the prisoner. But rarely are charges laid against Prison Keepers for their acts of violence.

(c) prison segregation and special handling units for confinement constitute conditions of cruel and unusual treatment or punishment, yet they exist untouched by the laws of society, as such prisoners are Crown Owned Property and subject only to regulations to satisfy their use by the state. Warrants of Committal for sentences are concluded prior to the prisoner's release. Conditions of Detention: improper living areas; lack of natural sunlight, proper air movement, adequate exercise periods; and hot meals are disregarded, due to lack of social concern or awareness for the prisoner's plight.

(d) auto-mutilation, suicide and suspicious deaths of prisoners are disregarded by the general public, in effect further cementing conditions of non-recognition of prisoners as human beings.

(e) prisoners are used as producers of crown-owned materials and supplies, paid small amounts of money



to produce products, saving millions of dollars in taxes in cost to society. Prisoners are used in effect as slave labourers of crown-owned warehouses of production.

(f) prisoners are subjected to degradation of family, children, parents, etc. by the keepers of prisons, by lack of expression of emotion or sharing of family responsibilities during visits and correspondence. Censorship of mail, of visits, and disrespect of prisoners' visitors by skin-searches, stripping of their bodies, wallets, purses and even cars in the parking lot, supports the view that anyone involved with a prisoner is sub-human. Even children of the prisoners have been strip-searched on visiting prisoners.

(g) petty games of psychological warfare are employed by upper levels of the prison administration to cause dissent amongst prisoners. The need of destruction, riots, arson, etc. is not a need of the prisoners in the first instance but a plan of the authorities to manipulate prisoners to benefit their wages (through overtime), contract renewals and rewards of severe security measures to deprive prisoners further in larger prisons.

(h) neglect of medical and adequate psychiatric treatment and concern for prisoners causes great tension and continuous prisoner-keeper conflict.

(i) lack of prisoners' self-determination of his future by false programs of rehabilitation such as Parole, Mandatory Supervision, trades in prison, programs for pre-release preparation, control of personal money and business control etc.

The prisoner is not allowed to plan his release. The Parole Board states what they will accept from the prisoner before they will consider his case for parole. The prisoner may not be mentally able to meet these requirements as they do not fit his profiles of abilities thus parole is a myth in such cases. The current aim of prison foundation is to lock up the offenders and to provide society a reprieve from the prisoner's acts of lawlessness. It is not a method of rehabilitation to provide a non-return to offences against the law and society of the future.

In conclusion, the assertion of authority of the keepers fulfills the promise of having prisoners in the future. The assertion of authority provides the government crown-owned warehouses of cheap, long-term, contract fulfillment of products, non-taxable to the government but taxable to society's taxpayers. It provides promise of government property destruction, employs social awareness of a one sided problem that creates prejudices towards prisoners unjustly and further maintains prisoners from attaining human rights, self-determination of their future and deprives them of any hope of sincere rehabilitation for their future employment.

Brian Dodge



A Message From

I had been praying. I was fasting. It happened to be that i was given a Vision. A Vision that i hope to see emerge from the earth; that the Traditional Peoples of the West come forth from the bondage, hate, and genocidal policies which have been perpetuated upon OUR PEOPLES for 500 years.

I speak not of a dream, but something that is real, something that one relates to, understands, touches. This is the Earth, our Mother, she gives life to all our borthers and sisters. And I as a humble human being speak for the four-legged and winged creatures, the fishes, the trees, the water and the air which is our breathe. No one can buy or sell these things. The exist, and long after mankind is gone, there will be some of these life forms alive upon Mother Earth.

Wishing, hoping, speaking, dreaming, thinking, just being, none of these will do anything to bring about our true freedom. That freedom is to live as a United People, to be one with the Earth and all that lives upon it. But i will not fool anyone into thinking we can have our freedom so easily because first it will require that we return to our ways, and that means to be **In Total Resistance** to the Wasichus, the Greeds. The task before us is to teach, build, store, regain the lands and keep the struggle going; to keep the fire high within each of us, help the brothers and sisters, respect the Elders, work in the ways that have been with us for over a million years.

There are many Traditional Wise Men and Women among us. We must start there, at the centre of all, the Hoop of the Peoples to start our Red Road home. I can say without any doubt in my mind, that there is still time to maintain, restore, and to bring our Spiritual Way back from the dust. This is the first of many steps taken in self-respect for our own Peoples; to the Elders, to those who lead us, and most of all we then have Respect for our Mother, the Earth. There is no other way to achieve any freedom without first doing this. I say let us begin now, gather together, share, set-up committees to teach, learn to seed the land, learn to clean the water for consumption because it is now too poisonous to drink. This will make our new ones healthy and strong. Each time we take a plant or a tree from the land, plant another in its place. Take the little ones with you into the woods or wherever you be. Let them see this Mother of ours and begin to see how truely beautiful she is. Help the animals, birds. Just understand that it is up to each of us to see that they are looked after. We are the caretakers of the land.

Now I have not said a word on my vision; there are reasons why this is so. In a short time it will be for all to see, to have in their homes. It was meant to be produced in picture form for all to see. But due to the fact that i must be Totally in Spirit, in complete harmony with all that exists, i will have to wait till i can gather elements to finish my Ceremony. I want you who read this to know and understand that my feelings at this time are like a flower. The rains have come in the way of tears to give drink to my being. And with the help and aids of Mother Earth and with the prayers of many, i will stand up and pour out fire on the Wasichus for their murders, hates, theft of lands, killings of our four-



graphic from
A Basic Call to Consciousness

The Earth

legged and winged creatures and the Greed which they have seeded out. We must stand in this Cloud of Power and turn the four Winds back upon him.....and wash our hands of him.....we still have time.

We are willing to fight for all we have lost, not just a crumb handed out to us. We must be willing to fight for it and we can. There are ways and the only way we can ever hope to save the Earth, ourselves, or anything else is to be willing to trust in our ways.

I have heard many say that we are peaceful peoples; kind, good to walk with. But it is clear that the Wasichus have taken advantage of this in our Cultures and have used it against us. Even our own people have used it. But no more, how can you, the young to come, the old, us—how can anyone speak about peace? I have had three years to think the matter out. It is the Wasichus thinking. They are taking the land this minute, cutting trees by the thousands, moving people out of their own homes, killing their animals, sheep, cattle, even dogs.....destroying springs of water on land where the water is worth gold as the Greeds would say. It is part of the Greeds' plan to make you think that you are helpless and weak. But as I said, the beginning is teaching the young, planting foods, building, storing foods, working together. Do not take the Greeds' money and every chance you get run them off. In time, things will pull many together, for a reason. From this we will walk **Our Red Road** in mind and spirit and we will take our lands and the ways of our dead back to us.

I have one question. How is it a crime to live as a human being? Why is it a crime to live in peace? Why is it a crime to practise our spiritual ways? Why? Why?

I can tell you in one simple word, **Greed!** I tell you that it is no crime to take your land back. It is no crime to run off people who have no respect for Mother Earth. The Great Spirit never intended you or anyone else on Mother Earth to be a slave, or to be murdered off. It is no crime in being who you are in relation to our Mother. The Greeds have killed most of our leaders, or locked them away in their Ironhouses. They have murdered children. They have murdered nearly all the animals. How can it be a crime to strike back? I have the greatest respect and honor for those who are In Total Resistance to the Governments of Greed. I send my prayers to you. I will help you in anyway i can. I support you and will always stand with you.

I do not want anyone to read into my writing something that is not there. I said fight back and as i said at the begining, that must start within each nation to first have and achieve self-sufficiency. We should take advantage of the knowledge which exists, that we can use in the proper measure for the comming struggle of each person; help one another, kick out the Government sponsered agencies, committees, or any type of organization which does not benefit the whole Tribe nore represents the best interests of the Peoples at Heart, Traditionally, Spiritually, and most of all, the welfare, protection and defense of the People. If anyone does not have these interests at heart then you know





PRISON REVOLUTIONARY **Carl Harp Murdered**

Carl Harp, a revolutionary anarchist prisoner was murdered in his cell at the Washington State Penitentiary Sept. 5h. Three weeks previous, Harp was made aware of a contract out on his life by a member from a gang that refused the contract from their dope supplier — the guards. Another guard told Harp of the plot as well.

Harp made moves, distributing an open letter exposing the contract and checking into protective custody because he was too tired after all these years of fighting back, to adequately protect himself. A week after entering protective custody, Harp felt confident enough to be released back into the general prison population. He was found dead, with his wrists slashed and hung by a telephone wire. He was housed in the tier which houses inmates before they reenter general population.

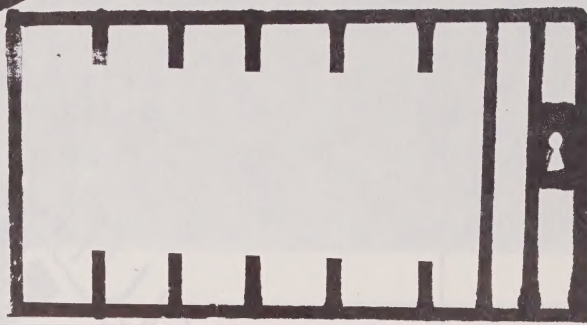
His reputation among prisoners who knew of him seemed solid: he never played games or ran scams against prisoners and often helped them out with their problems. But in prison, it doesn't take much at all to get killed with the State keeping conditions oppressive.

Harp was not beaten to death as in most prison killings, rather his death was executed to appear as suicide. There was even a suicide note supposedly written by Carl. Yet no one who knew Carl believed for an instant that his death was anything but murder.

SOLIDARITY COMMITTEE PUBLISHERS
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**PRESS
RELEASE**

AIR MAIL
MAIL AMALON



Here are some of the facts evident so far:

Pg 2

- 1) The cause of death hasn't yet been assessed.
- 2) No explanation has been given as to how his wrists were slashed.
- 3) Both his close friend and wife who saw the suicide note declared it a fake.
- 4) All who knew Harp were aware of his remarkable ability to stay balanced, fight hard when he had strength, deflect assaults when weak and lay low to regenerate his energy when tired. He had a lust for life.
- 5) His wife and I who last visited Carl, August 28th after he had demanded to get transferred back to general population, saw a person who felt very satisfied about his moves and was anticipating the future. He was also looking forward to the next issue of a newsletter he was involved in, the Anarchist Black Dragon, a certain big victory in an upcoming suit against the guards for a brutal beating he received 2 years ago, an appeal on his rape conviction by one of Washington's best attorneys, projects on publishing some of his writing, and of course, more visits from his wife now that he was back in Washington from California's San Quentin.
- 6) Lastly, Carl died alone. He vowed that if he ever would give it all up and commit suicide, he'd take a pig with him.

An autopsy will be done to determine the cause of his death, the FBI have been called in to investigate, some lawyers have come forward to help, and outside supporters are planning strategy to expose the complicity behind his murder, and the murder of hundreds of other inmates in the clutches of the State.

Biography: Born 1949 in Vancouver, Washington, Harp lived with his mother, who lived on welfare more often than not to survive. He went to prison for the first time at 15. By the time he was 23, he had been around the world three times, been in five more prisons in Mexico and Washington, spent time in Vietnam and had become a junky who kicked the habit.

At the age of 23, he was convicted and sentenced to four consecutive life terms for murder and rape. (The history of the trial and the proceedings clearly show he was railroaded by a State that needed a conviction, after blowing its case against the guilty party. Harp, outraged at his convictions, decided to fight back.

He evolved through constant and often intense struggle with the State into a revolutionary Anarchist. He developed remarkable skills to not only sustain his strength in the fight, but also enhance his love of life. He was hated and feared by the State because of his effectiveness confronting authority and educating others.

While many inmates would try to do "easy time", Carl never took life for granted. He did his time by churning out letters and articles to the outside, launching suits against the prison, helping other prisoners in their legal matters (and teaching some to read), being supportive and

loving to friends, painting or drawing art, and reading and discussing political theory.

He put theory into action by helping found Men Against Sexism, a group established to help protect gay prisoners and educate others; participated in the intense strikes and rebellions Walla Walla prisoners waged against their captors; co-founded the Anarchist Black Dragon Collective — an underground political group inside, and their publication which is still continuing, the Anarchist Black Dragon.

Two years ago, Harp and two others seized the Classification Building and took ten staff hostages to force publicity and action on the dire lack of justice and human rights prisoners face. Harp refused to plead guilty, demanding a public political trial. The other two succumbed to the intense State pressure and pled guilty. Harp was then viciously beaten and raped with a riot baton by guards. After spending two weeks in a hospital, he was transferred against his will to San Quentin. He was told he would be killed there. News of his beating and transfer was publicized internationally by outside supporters, and Harp launched suits seeking damages and a return to Walla Walla.

What followed was a slow parade of victories. Last year, a previous civil suit Harp and others launched saw the judge declare Walla Walla "cruel and unusual". Wishing to avoid being put on trial again, the State dropped the hostage charges against Harp. Then he was awarded \$7,000 for being illegally kept in segregation for 14 months. He then won his transfer back to Walla Walla recently and was preparing to go further, when the pigs, I assume deciding they could endure no more, killed him.

Personally, I of course feel the despair of losing a wonderful friend and comrade — but just as strongly, I'm so damn happy to have known and worked with him. He showed me the potential of a revolutionary spirit-energy that can overcome forces much larger than you. He also showed the importance of outside solidarity and support towards the struggle on the inside, for no matter how strong the individual is, support from others is essential to be able to sustain the fight.

Presently, too little resistance is being mounted against the ruling classe's attacks. Reagan and Trudeau's gangs plan many more prisons and more sadistic punishment. The meaning of Carl Harp's life is obvious, there's no benefit in doing "easy time" — FIGHT BACK!

~~RON RELOXX~~

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"D" is for daring. That's what it takes to be free... Carl Harp

that she or he is your enemy. It is your responsibility to alert the people to a Greed among you.

We must start to help those who are locked away. That means to free them by any means necessary. Assist them and support them once they are out. Build areas for this one purpose in the northern and western lands as safe areas for those the Greeds want to murder, lock away and to take their minds away from our Peoples. Another most important matter is the raising of mules, horses and the begining of herds. These animals can support us in many ways. Each person should help in this program. Acquire the proper equipment, tools of all types, forage tools for iron-making, welding material, gather whatever materials can serve a useful purpose. Junk things that you think may be worthless may be a most useful item. All these things and many more must be done for the Vision to be fulfilled in time. And the time is at hand. Now we must gather, teach, plant, build, store and bring our people back together as Nations of Respect.



That is no crime. That is the start of the foundation of our Survival. I realise that many are doing this now. But this spiritual awakening must spread as the dust of a Buffalo herd spreads over the land. We have to do this and no one has the right to tell you not to. You are in the Spirit of Total Resistance and you must know there are millions of us who believe in this and are willing to die fighting to free themselves. Don't let them go without respect. That would be against all we strive for.

I know without doubt that in the United States Prisons there are many Indians who are having a war

with the policies of the Federal and State Greeds to bury and kill if necessary the natural leaders and those in alliance with us both in and out of prison. We must put together Special Action Groups when immediate danger manifests itself by the Greeds to kill and destroy any movement or Spiritual events within the walls and barbed fences of the Ironhouses. I can think of a few at this minute who need special attention; Gwarth-ee-lass (Leonard Peltier), Standing Deer (Robert Wilson), Richard Marshall, Rita Silk Nauni and many more. It is up to you whether these Warriors stay alive and well. But that is not enough. **Freedom** is needed. These are leaders locked away who have much to do, teach, and build for the Survival of our Peoples.

My heart hurts to know how they are treated. I know i am on death row in Texas. Any Indian knows that Texas has waged more war on Indians than any other state or army in the world. There are no Spiritual Rights here. Medicine men cannot enter a prison. Let me tell you, i work each day, i listen, i try to reach out to others, i understand the need of love, comradeship, a feeling of being at least a human being.....Brothers and Sisters, i send you my love, strength, and i will do all i can to free you.....because one think i know, we can win this war. It is my personal aim to do so **In The Spirit of Crazy Horse.**

I know how it feels to never see a flower or a mountain, or a little spring running cool, clear water, or an Eagle flying over, the petting of a dog, the smile of a child, the smell of cooking coming from a wood fire, the singing of birds, the voice of the Elders. Oh! Great Spirit, hear our cry. We are a humble people. We have never taken or asked for much of our Mother the Earth. Oh! Great Spirit, i offer smoke to the Four Ways at evening. I sing a song with a flute playing in my ears to let sleep and rest come to my Brothers and Sisters in the Ironhouses. Oh! Great Spirit, give us a call in the night that we may all hear and understand one another's needs. Oh! Great Spirit, let the sound of the drums speak unto all who are wise and know. Let the Sacred Pipe pass through their hands. Let the cool winds play through their hair. Oh! Great Spirit, hear our cry, we are a Humble people, we have never taken much, nor have we asked for much, let this song be heard in the ears of all. Let the feet of roaming Buffalo put my Brothers and Sisters in the Ironhouses to rest at night. Give their spirits the drink of courage, strength, love for you, and respect for our Mother, the Moon and Stars. Let our Grand Father, the Sun, shine upon them. Let the sun's rays make their eyes shine in the darkest of times. Oh, oh, do not let their blood fall upon the

prison grounds of the Wasichus. I sing this song in Spirit.

Let us come together now. Please hear this call. Let the drums play. Let me hear Eagle whistle, then bells, the singing that will bring my vision into being. Let the People be free.

We need to organise a central information service for all to profit from. A way of trading, an exchange of seeds for planting, knowledge of growing, repair of tools and other machines which we might use in our work. All these things can be done with interested people participating for the common goal of all. There is one common interest that Traditional Peoples share, and that is the fact that we all live on Mother Earth and we respect her. She provides all that we need. And in turn for this, we must act according to our ways. So if we try and use the abilities we have to administer to the needs of all, then together the first step is to reclaim our lands, waters Culture and Spiritual Ways. We can handle the land in a way that our future generations will be able to hunt.



Shelters for each community should be built above and below ground, built with thick walls to last a thousand years. Solar power must be used, there are a number of plants that grow naturally that can provide us with substitutes for oil and gas. It is this way that we are to survive. It should be one the other. Each of us have roles to play in this development. Small gardens are best, plant year round foods, canning must be a big part of it as well as the drying of meats as of old times. Small fish ponds can be managed as well. Survival training camps must be set-up for the young to learn and to become an active part of providing for each community.

People, let us live in harmony with all our relatives. Respect the Earth, respect ourselves.

In the Spirit of the Old Ones, the way of the Drum, the Sacred Pipe, for the struggle of our People to free themselves, in the Spirit of Crazy Horse, who knew Total Resistance.

Ches-Ne-O-Na-eh ʃ3k ʃ4

Statement to the People

On Monday, February 23, 1981, the Canadian Government through the Vancouver city police and the R.C.M.P. chose to attack the Red Nations once again, though accusations of criminal charges against our brothers Gary and Dino Butler. The attack against these Brothers ended after a high-speed chase, resulting when the car the Brothers were in over-turned.

In the car were two sacred medicine bundles containing objects used by our people in sacred ceremonies, and acts as protection for our Brothers. These sacred medicine bundles are now being held by the R.C.M.P. and being denied from our Brothers and People. We understand that the Canadian government and their law enforcement agencies have no right to hold these items from our Brothers, these things belong to the Red People and must be returned.

We understand the political nature of these attacks and that these men are known 'activists' in the struggle for the liberation of all Red Nations from a foreign imposed system. Struggles of resistance that Red People have been involved in since the first Europeans set foot on our homelands.

We understand and know our people in the past have never given up or signed away our sovereign rights to conduct ourselves as Nations on our own homelands. We as a people belonging to the Red Nations have never consented to the law enforcement agencies of a foreign people to have jurisdiction over our people and lands.

We recognise the indigenous People's of the West Coast area of this land base, conducted and governed the affairs of the People by the natural laws of the Longhouse. It is only natural and proper that the Longhouse People determine if there has been a crime committed and by whom.



We have to understand acts of Genocide and attacks on all Red Nations when Canadian Courts refuse to recognise the natural rights of our Brothers, by denying the return of the medicine bundles involved in this case. When they refuse to recognise the laws of the Longhouse and sacred Pipes that involve traditions and culture that are countless generations older than Canadian Government or Courts, that impose death and destruction to all Red Nations and lands.

We understand the natural and traditional laws of Red Nations is to respect and protect the life-giving forms around us and that we do not abuse or destruct the life supporting systems of our Mother the Earth.

These people do not have the rights they claim with arms and courts to determine the ways they will commit genocide on our Red Nations and Mother Earth. Yet their courts take the form of Public Inquiries when they want more land. Public Inquiries such as the Cluff Lake board of Inquiry and the Key Lake Board of Inquiry in Northern Saskatchewan. Inquiries that have approved of the most blatant form of genocide on the People and land with Uranium mining. A process which, once started can only result in the death of all life-giving creation.

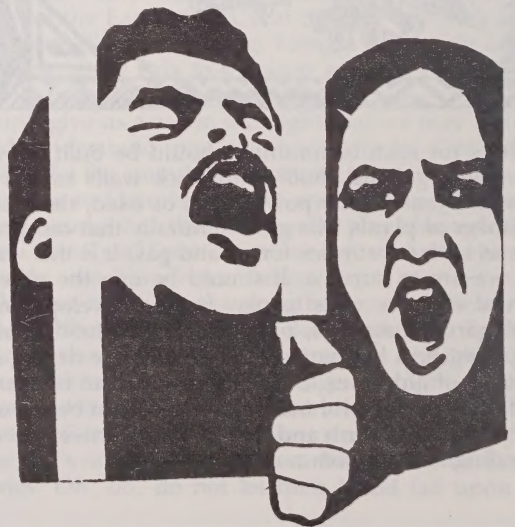
Their courts illegally attack Red Nations when they take the rights to fish and hunt for food away, when they use courts to steal our children and lock our people in their prisons. They use their courts to justify their acts of Genocide and theft, not only on the Red Nations but also on their own people.

The case of David Crosse, gunned down and murdered by the Ontario Provincial Police. The Canadian Courts protected these killers by acquitting them of murder. The extradition case of Leonard Peltier in 1976 when the Canadian Justice Department knowingly used perjured evidence from the F.B.I. to gain a fast extradition. These examples of lies and genocide being practiced in their courts brings us to understand further the history of struggle and resistance of Red Nations and our part in the generational war.

We call on all Red People to stand with our brothers, Gary and Dino Butler, and not allow the Canadian Government and their courts to attack the natural traditional rights of Red Nations any longer. As long as their systems refuse to recognise the natural laws of our people, we should not allow them to intimidate us into making pleas of guilt or innocence in their courts any longer. We will no longer willfully go along with the decisions of these courts when stealing our children, lands and imprisoning our people.

We call on all people, not to allow this court to attack our Brothers and religion any longer. Reinstate the proper place of our elders and traditional councils to determine the affairs of our Nations. We call for the immediate release of the medicine bundles and our Brothers, as well as all Native Political Prisoners being held in Canadian and U.S. prisons.

AIM Survival Group
524-5th Ave. N.
Saskatoon, Sask.



Song of Truth

My choice is the Song of Truth
while Truth causes my isolation
but I, in this prison have
another song of truth.

We are Warriors
there is no fault to be a Warrior
We are Men
who are charged to protect our brothers
and sisters.

On top of the high Mountain
comes a Thunderbird
With no complaints from his wounds
he laid his head on a rock and died
While his blood flowed
like a fountain.

In the Ironhouse of Greed
We are in chains, in fear but we
have a dream for our people
and we must resist until we are free.



On top of the high Mountain
an exhausted deer stands by a tree
Sad with broken hands and legs
his hands and legs are broken
but it is not as painful as his
broken heart on this lonely Mountain.

We hate this Woman called Marion
She is pridetful, jealous and without
conscience
She enjoys and destroys all Men.
Oh! Great Spirit there is no fault

to be a Man.

Spring and Summer will arrive
Our brother left the Mountain
He returns to our culture for nourishment
He is free

he is free.

Bobby Gene Garcia
Daniel Bear Webster
Standing Deer

reprinted from In The Spirit Of Total Resistance

Tribute to Bobby Sands

Another Irish Republican soldier has died. Long Kesh has once again taken the life of another Irishman. Bobby Sands is dead, murdered in accordance with the dictates of Margaret Thatcher and her associates and the prayers of the Rev. Ian Paisley. These two demagogues killed a man who dreamt and fought for a united Ireland free from the bonds of British domination.

Bobby Sands was captured by British troops; he was subsequently tried before a British tribunal acting under special laws enacted through the British Parliament. His status as a soldier of the Republic of Ireland was totally ignored and after the following conviction he was placed in a special British concentration camp located in the North of Ireland. The British refer to this camp as the Maze but the Irish call it Long Kesh. It's a very dreary prison that engages over one thousand Irishmen, many of them convicted for defending their country against foreign domination.

As a British prisoner Bobby Sands was subjected to constant harassment by his guards and he, as a prisoner of war, was denied the right to wear the uniform of his country's army. This was the ultimate humiliation that prompted his protest by refusing nourishment. Bobby Sands as well as many of his mates, vowed to die in support of their demands for improved conditions in the concentration camp. Their primary demand centred on a recognition from the British government of a political prisoner status for all Irish prisoners of war and in addition to this basic right they also wanted the right to wear the uniform of their country's army. Even the Americans granted this right to the prisoners captured from North Vietnam but Margaret (the Hatcher) Thatcher said "no". On the sixty-sixth day of Bobby Sands' protest he died. This event that marked the month of May 1981 was felt around the world and so was the message that he gave his life for. Bobby Sands will never be forgotten and one day his dream for a united Ireland will become a reality, the beginning of that reality will be marked by the exit from Ireland of all British troops.

The Prime Minister of England with her charwoman mentality and other of her loyal associates have conveniently labelled Bobby Sands as a law breaker, a common hood and many of the respectable newspapers like the London Times carried this

outrageous lie around the world on their wire services. Other tabloids referred to Bobby Sands as a terrorist and guerrilla but the remainder of responsible journalists carried the message of Bobby Sands, the soldier of the Republic of Ireland, a man fighting for the freedom and dignity of Irish men and women.

It's interesting, and equally terrifying, how the press manipulated the news. One can ask for instance how an army becomes outlawed? This is another of Margaret Thatcher's accomplishments and it serves her purpose quite well doesn't it? I'm sure you will recall how the Americans who were captured by the army of Iran became 'hostages' in the Western press, prisoners nevertheless, but hostages served the cause of the political face-saving and made heroes out of spies. In Vietnam, that great American fiasco, a man named Ho Chi Minh, another noted guerrilla, managed to send the Americans home with a very definite message, a message so simple that even Nixon couldn't fix it and so the lesson to be learned is very simple: those who own and control the printing press also control the messages that are printed on the pages of your morning newspaper and the same principle also applies to other means of news reporting as well.

Margaret (the Hatcher) Thatcher, according to recent reports, has continued to maintain her stance in regards to not recognising the political prisoner status of the Irish army prisoners engaged in Long Kesh. Margaret recently stated in her press that she would never relent on this particular issue and the



newspapers began on cue with their message that "Sands might as well give it up as the government says no to his demands." The question of whether or not Bobby Sands would have ended his hunger protest is completely irrelevant but history provides us with another fairly recent example that closely parallels, in some respects, the position taken by Margaret Thatcher. We all remember Ian Smith, the past prime minister of Rhodesia, don't we. Do we also recall his proclamation which assured that "Rhodesia will never be governed by Blacks." On April 17, 1980 Zimbabwe became a free nation, a fact that signaled the decline of British oppression in Africa, a fact that also signaled the decline of Ian Smith.

The monarchy is dead. The British have been so steeped in colonialism over the past centuries that they have missed their own funeral. Britain, being a world power for so long, simply doesn't understand that people no longer want the yoke of colonialistic oppression hanging around their heads and Ireland is one of those countries that is sick of continued British interference. Ireland wants its land for its own people and, therefore, British troops must be made to leave Irish soil.

The problems began long ago in Ireland but as recent as 1916 there was an Easter Rebellion which resulted in the establishment of the Irish Free State. This only became a reality in 1921 and was accomplished by way of a treaty with Britain which was signed on the 6th day of December, 1921, however, by establishing a Free State there was also a partitioned country, a fact that has since provided the justification for the billeting of British troops in the north.

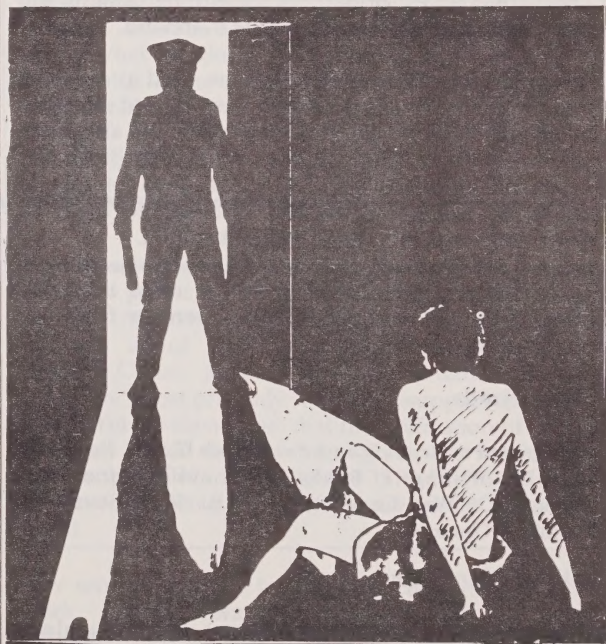
The partitioning of countries is an old, tried and true tactic used by most of the major world powers, a tactic that allows the quartering of troops and the construction of military installations on foreign soil in strategic locations. Immediate examples are exhibited by American involvement in Korea and Germany. Both of these countries are partitioned and both of these countries possess American military installations so Britain is merely keeping in step with American imperialism.

On September 2, 1976 the European Commission on Human Rights reported on charges made against Britain by the Irish government. The British were found guilty of torturing detainees in Ulster which is located in the north and controlled by the British. Since this historic decision from the commission there continued overleaf

British Harvest

A stretch of tarmac surrounded by barbed wire and steel is the only view from my cell window. I'm told it's an exercise yard. I wouldn't know. In my fourteen months in H-Block, I haven't been allowed to walk in the fresh air. I'm on 'cellular confinement' today. That is the three days out of every fourteen when my only possessions, three blankets and a mattress, are removed, leaving a blanket and a chamber pot.

I'm left to pass the day like this, from 7.30 a.m. to 8.30 p.m. How I spend my day is determined by the weather. If it's reasonably warm, it's possible to sit on the floor, stare at the white walls, and pass a few hours day-dreaming. But otherwise I must spend my day continuously pacing the cell to prevent the cold chilling through to my bones. Even after my bedding is returned at 8.30 p.m. hours will pass before the



circulation returns to my feet and legs.

Methods of passing time are few and far between, so I am left with many hours of contemplation: bad times, good times, how I got here, but most importantly, why I am here. During moments of weakness I try to convince myself that a prison

uniform and conforming wouldn't be that bad. But the will to resist burns too strong within.

To accept the status of criminal would be to degrade myself and to admit that the cause I believe in and cherish is wrong. When thinking of the men and women who sacrificed life itself, my suffering seems insignificant. There have been many attempts to break my will, but each one has made me more determined. I know my place is here with my comrades.

I think of the only break in the monotony, the forty minutes I spend at Mass each Sunday — 'turn the other cheek', 'love thy neighbour' — and I wonder, because over the months I know that bitterness has grown inside me. A hatred so intensive that it frightens me.

I see it also in the faces of my comrades at Mass: the hatred in their eyes. One day these young men will be fathers and these attitudes will inevitably be passed on to their children.

This is the harvest Britain has shown: her actions will eventually seal the fate of her rule in Ireland.

It is frightening to see men become aged at eighteen and nineteen. Young men who were fit and strong in mind and body a year ago, now resemble shrunken shells of human beings. Every aspect of H-Block life, from cold, empty cells and denial of every comfort, to refusal of medical treatment, is designed to grind down our resistance, but it will not succeed.

They may hold our bodies in the most inhuman conditions, but while our minds remain free, our victory is assured!

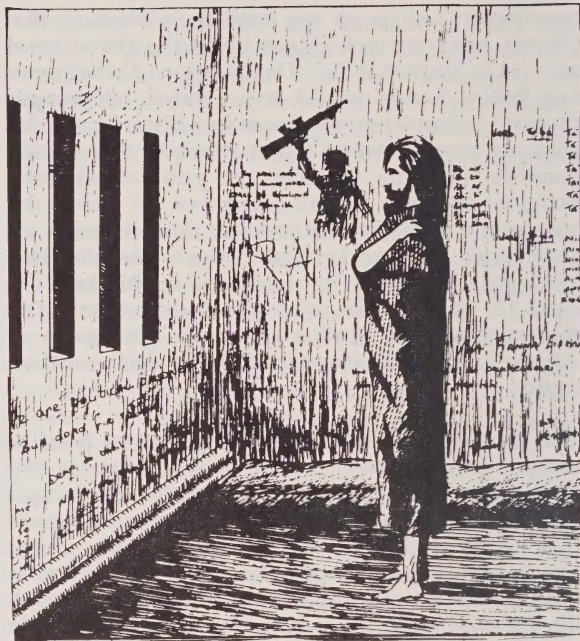
Bobby Sands

First printed in *Republican News*, March 17, 1979. Reprinted from *The Writings of Bobby Sands*, available from Irish Prisoner Of War Committee, P.O.B. 5085, Station E, Hamilton, Ontario.

continued from previous page

have been numerous other charges leveled against the same government but what have been the results? Margaret's printing press has seemingly ignored these newsworthy items and has, instead, concentrated on attacking those terrible 'hoodlums' who are mucking up the backyard of one of the colonies.

The media carries a tremendous responsibility for distorting the facts surrounding the foreign military



occupation of Ireland. The press who records much of our so-called history is constantly illustrating for us who is *good* and who is *wrong* and they have no right making these value judgements. Take for instance the late shah of Iran. Here was a man, a puppet protecting america's energy supplies, a puppet that was permitted to rape the country's coffers for his own use and this maniac was hailed by the press as being one of the good guys, he was *right* but only due to the lies printed by journalists. They told us that the shah was an honourable man but now the world knows that that was a lie, they know that the shah was *wrong*.

The american government put the shah into power and supported his political base with huge weapon orders in place of establishing a military headquarters near the russian border. Iranians became tired of being ignored and so they took control of their own country and captured the remaining americans and charged them with spying. The shah fled the country with much of its wealth and eventually he died.

Another glaring example of american meddling in foreign governments is reflected in another puppet, anastasio somoza, who took power in 1967 after the assassination of his father. The americans supported the somoza dynasty in Nicaragua in spite of the fact that somoza's system of power was based on extortion and graft. The somoza fortune grew to a

porportion of \$500 million dollars which included 30 per cent of the country's arable land. On July 19, 1979 the Sandinista National Liberation Front established a new government with its headquarters located in Managua. Somoza fled into exile with a huge piece of that country's assests secreted away in american and swiss accounts and, to date, american officials have refused to return the money to the country that it was stolen from.

The two previously mentioned countries and their respective dictators represent oppression and the acts of these countries represent an extreme desire to cast off that yoke of oppression and more often than not, to rid themselves of foreign domination and this too is what Bobby Sands was about; he wanted the british troops removed from Irish soil but as we are begining to realise, this foreign infringement in smaller countries by major powers is usually based on offshore oil prospects or other forms of energy necessary to keep the war machines operational. Wherever this prospect presents itself you will find the super powers with either their cheque books or their guns.

It's true that the situation in Ireland is complex but it is not being improved upon by having british troops on Irish soil, british troops that are killing and

torturing local inhabitants. The bottom line is that the british have to pull out of Ireland and if this move throws the country into civil war then that situation will have to be settled by the Irish. It happened in the american civil war (1861-65). The country was divided, war ensued and thousands of soldiers were killed but eventually the country pulled together and to this day there has never been foreign troops housed on american soil to protect or to keep the peace. Perhaps this is another lesson that we might accept from history, a lesson that certainly seems applicable today in Ireland.

Bobby Sands? His life was given towards the cause and we must never lose sight of that fact regardless of how hard the journalists distort the facts. Don't allow yourself to be confused by the misuse of the printed word. Remember that in a war there are only soldiers and this fact bears careful consideration.

Bobby Sands is dead, killed by british troops. Others have since died in support of the quest for a united Ireland. There is a very valuable lesson to be learned from what is taking place in this small country, a lesson that many of us over the years have forgotten to take notice

Shaun Carlos
Kent

*It is said we live in modern times,
In the civilised year of 'seventy-nine,
But when I look around, all I see,
Is modern torture, pain, and hypocrisy.*

*In modern times little children die,
They starve to death, but who dares ask why?
And little girls without attire,
Run screaming, napalmed, through the night fire.*

*And while fat dictators sit upon their thrones,
Young children bury their parents' bones,
And secret police in the dead of night,
Electrocute the naked woman out of sight.*

*In the gutter lies the black man, dead,
And where the oil flows blackest, the street runs red,
And there was He who was born and came to be,
But lived and died without liberty.*

*As the bureaucrats, speculators and presidents alike,
Pin on their dirty, stinking, happy smiles tonight,
The lonely prisoner will cry out from within his tomb,
And tomorrow's wretch will leave its mother's womb!*

Comment

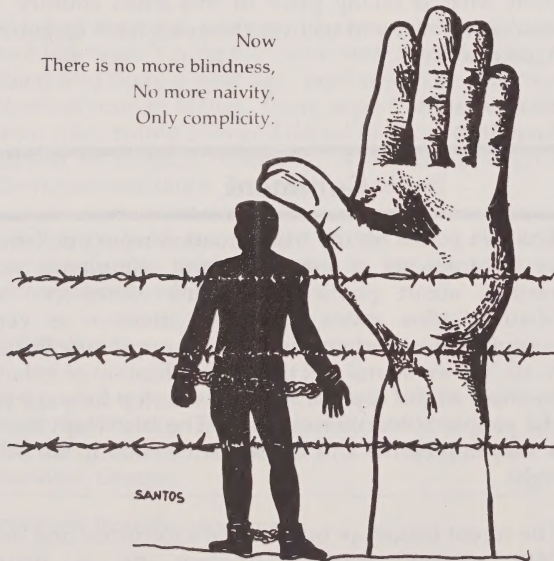
The two pieces on the Irish situation were published in the interests of informing and stimulating our readers about political situations elsewhere. As Shaun Carlos states, the Irish situation is very complex. Most certainly we do not support the British at all. Yet we do not feel that the unification of Ireland by itself would represent any great step forward for the people of Northern Ireland. The Irish Republic is a very repressive and conservative state in its own right.

The recent history of Iran, where a torturous and barbaric regime was overthrown by a heroic struggle. only to have a new state apparatus set up which is continuing the state-practise of torture, imprisonment and oppression of ethnic minorities illustrates the complexities of making authentic historical progress. The tragedy is such that it is often the most heroic and valiant fighters against the old regime who become the victims of the new regime as individual autonomy, a passion for justice and courage become as inconvenient for the new regime as the old.

Arkansas Suffle

I am an Arkansas state prisoner being warehoused until death (they hope) in a federal prison. The reason that I, as a state prisoner, am warehoused here is because of my active resistance and litigation against the cruel and almost unbelievable conditions of the Arkansas prisons, and because of my refusal to prostitute my personal autonomy to the dark and evil desires of the powers who run our warehouses of horror.

I was in the same prison that buried over 200 men. It was said that these men had escaped according to the prison administration and the state authorities. (This was the subject of the film, "Brubaker".) And federal prisons, just as in Arkansas, are bizarre centres for the rape and deprivation of the human soul, places where one's very being is plundered.



In February of 1980, from my sensory deprivation chamber at Cummins, myself and 21 other men, also people of resistance, were the victims of a 3:00 A.M. conspiracy between state and Federal officials to kidnap us and transport us to Federal prisons where there are more guards, more guns, more steel walls and bars. There, we were suppo-

sed to die; no longer a threat to the Arkansas Prison Administration at Cummins. These beasts who call themselves "our keepers" can now continue unhindered the torment of their helpless charges.

We were taken to a Federal Correction Institution at El Reno, Oklahoma, where our ne "keepers" stripped us naked as other guards with great felicity, and despite our protests, took suggestive nude photographs. Then still laughing, they locked us in the hole, denying us any communication with our families. I later learned that on the date of our transfer into this new hell, my family and attorney were at Cummins to visit me. The guards turned them away without any explanation except to tell them that "Winston doesn't live here any more." My young son went home very sad, thinking I was dead.

Again, without prior warning, we were transferred, each farmed out to a different prison. My destination was the United States Penitentiary at Terre Haute, Indiana. There I met Standing Deer, Bobby Garcia, Johnny V. Martinez, Ed Lawrence and other prisoner rights fighters, all of whom I grew to love and call brothers. We all continued to fight for our cause and quickly I learned what kind of stigma gets attached to autonomous prisoners.

My borthers were well hated and under threat of death by Prison officials. During the following year I was transferred briefly back to Arkansas and spent a month in a sensory deprivation chamber, pending a court hearing. All of my property, both legal and personal was kept from me. Once in the chamber, it did not take long before I developed chest pains, heat palpatations, and began to hallucinate, living in a phantas-magoric nightmare.

When I was taken from that hell, I didn't think anything could be more terrible, until I reached the Federal Correctional Institution at Texarkana, Texas. They put me in the hole when the outside temperature was 110 degrees plus, with no ventilation inside. I asked for some air or something to cool me down so they turned off my drinking water. By the next day, I was dizzy and weak and began to hallucinate. In my weakness and thirst I drank from the toilet stool, but the filth was no relief as I became nauseated and lost the water in my vomit.

As is obvious, I lived through this and was transferred back to Terre Haute. During my "Bus Therapy", (term for excessive transfers) I was in the hole at Memphis, Tennessee Prison and the death-house, also known as the United States Meidcal Prison Centre at Springfield, Missouri. And like all prisons that I was housed in, I was denied any personal or legal property. This was strange as I never have had any disciplinary actions written against me in this system.

Back at Terre Haute, I found that prison officials were stealing and keeping my mail. I filed suit against them and their hate grew against me. I, like my brothers, constantly received ill-treatment and was harassed by prison officials.

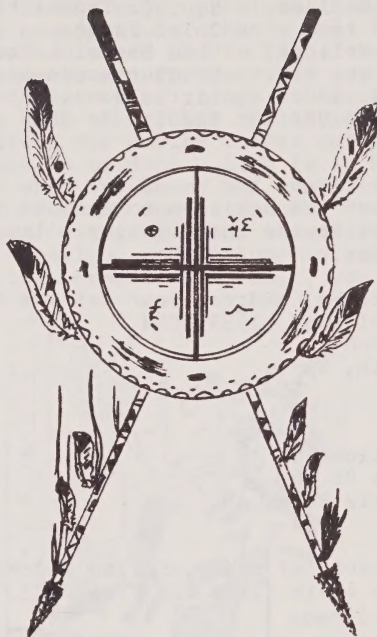
In early December, Bobby Garcia was put into the hole without reason. Knowing the death wishes of the "keepers" toward Bobby, and the ominous warnings told us that they (FBI-government) had arranged the execution of Bobby, Standing Deer wrote many letters trying to save Bobby's life. But they did not believe, they did not act, and five days later on December 13, 1980, Bobby Garcia was choked to death by his "keepers" in a very isolated cell. Those people who were locked up in the area at the time, have been transferred to other prisons or put into Bus Therapy. All are now out of contact.

We tried hard for an investigation into Bobby's death. But the government did not want that; we were all told that to continue our efforts, would insure an imminent lethal exodus.

I was again put into "Bus Therapy" and rode around the country, finally landing at the U.S.P. at Leavenworth, KS. I was here for only two weeks when, by direction of the Prison Administration, my cell was set on fire with highly flammable material. They did make one mistake, although most of my personal and legal property was destroyed, just prior to the bomb, I had gone to eat and so did not die in the inferno as they wished.

And now I am in the hole again, because (they say) my cell burned up. Any fool could see that my cell burnt, but why put me in the hole? Surely, to keep me away from my friends and the information that could prove that this fire and attempt on my life was at their hands.

CHES-NE-O-NA-CH
3300美



I no longer expect to live long enough to leave here. I am being refused the right to gain extra visiting time, to use the law library, etc. And I am beginning to lose court cases because of legal library deprivations.

I trust that you will not let our deprivation and the death of our Brother be for nothing. I trust you to keep alive the great spirit of Bobby Garcia and Dallas Thundershield and all others who die in the cause for the natural rights of all people.

We need your letters now, to stay alive. Write to the following people to protest this madness. (See Bulldozer #2 for more details.)

U.S. Attorney General
William F. Smith
Washington D.C.

George Wilkingson
Warden
U.S. Penitentiary
P.O.B. 1,000
Leavenworth, KS
66048 USA

Phil Kaplan
Attorney for Arkansas
inmates
1650 Tower Bldg.
Little Rock, Arkansas
72201 USA

Drew S. Day 3rd.
Asst. to A-G
Office of A-G
Civil Division
Washington, D.C.

Norman A. Carlson
Director
Bureau of Prisons
320 First st. N.W.
Washington, D.C.
20534 USA

Hon. G. Thomas Eisele
Chief Judge
U.S. District Court
US Courthouse
Little Rock, AR.
72201 USA

Be sure that you ask them to respond in writing, otherwise they'll simply ignore your protest.

To write to me, address your letters to
Winston Holloway 16395-009
P.O.B. 1,000
Leavenworth, KS
66048 USA

or

Joseph Holloway
801 W. 8th St.
North Little Rock, AR.
72114 USA

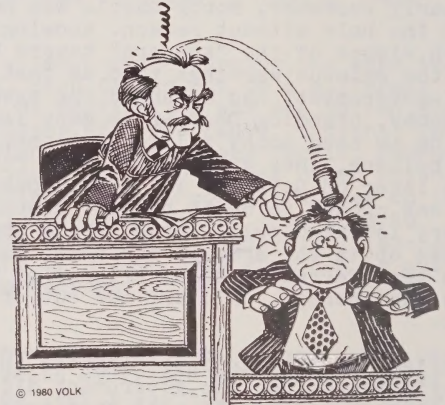
"In the Spirit of Bobby, Dallas and all who
have given their lives for freedom"
Winston Holloway

Poor Us

BULLDOZER deals exclusively with maximum-security experience, and mainly SHU. I, as you already know, know the difference between doing time in max and medium joints, and I am more aware than most that the issues at maximum-security prisons are right out in the open and more easily seen and commented upon. I mean, shit, when you are caging people it should be no difficult task to deal with that in writing or whatever.... But, when looking at the new medium-security prisons, the problems of communicating issues become more difficult and not so easy to pass along to others. I mean, take this new pay system as an example. I, personally, would like to be able to tell the government to stick it in their ass. I didn't come here to become a "paid" prisoner or to make a "living" while here (although that sure as hell wouldn't happen at \$4.25 a day anyway). But, to hear most of the people I'm doing time with, they've got the notion in their minds that the difference between \$4.25 a day and the old \$1.20 is significant, that it has mystical meaning and actually represents something other than just an additional

\$1.50 a day in actual spending power (to buy what, more caffeine, sugar and nicotine?).

The vast majority of the people I do my time with are like so-called Freeman. They are titillated by the writings and rhetoric of the more powerful and more easily expressed concerns of maximum-security experience, but they have no more interest in the plight of guys in those joints than does the average walking-around Canadian. And I find that very disconcerting and it makes me feel less than charitable towards too many people around me. But, at the same time, I understand why they refuse to take seriously what is happening to other guys within the same system -- I mean, shit, so many of these guys



don't give a damn about themselves, never mind some dude who is seen within the same stereotypic imagery as the walking-around Freeman have of guys locked in the cages of maximum institutions. And, an even bigger piss-off is that quite a percentage of those guys have brought the shit down on themselves, even though so many of us will not ever cop-out to that truth. I mean, shit, who would happen to our revolutionary rhetoric if we ever started seeing ourselves in terms of being snivellers who couldn't cut it in a society that for the most part can't even really get it together when they want to kill or silence you. With 15,000 people starving to death in Third World countries; with thousands and thousands of others being blown away by government violence all around the world; with children being raised in countries where a crust of bread means another day of life instead of just a plaything to give to pigeons in the park; with

pre-teens living in countries where to kill and be killed is reality and where having a stereo system costing hundreds of dollars (dollars ripped off from the poor countries to fatten our own people up) to listen to fat-cat "blues" singers making millions off the adolescent and "poor-me" generation is unheard of; with things like these going on every second on this planet, I find it harder and harder to get excited about what I see going on in medium and minimum-security prisons in this country. I relate to what the guys in max joints are into and I understand where they are coming from and why, but I also am aware of how few people are reading them for what they have to say, rather than for how it is said -- style, a feeling of high energy, daring because of the circumstances under which items in joints are written (even though few people really believe that prison writers are ever seriously in danger), and getting a vicarious thrill from having been "touched" by a virile and aggressive beast. Which is also why so few guys in maximum joints get into writing. It's not only because it can be dangerous but also because anyone who has done any kind of serious time knows that for the most part Canadians automatically put you down when you have been sanctioned by the authorities, because there's only one thing that Canadians love better than their dollar and that is having the authorities "show someone who the boss is" -- anyone.... There is nothing that will turn on more Canadians than hearing about someone who had the jam to challenge authority being put down for it -- it takes ages to get their own guilt at not having done what they feel would be right but don't have the courage to risk losing their position around the pork barrel over. So when I hear guys bitching about how hard-done-by we here are, I get impatient and want to lash out and straighten some heads around -- the good, old twisting method sometimes seems to make the most sense -- but then I cool off and remind myself that they are only people, and as people it will always be self-interest that will motivate them before considerations of aspiring to higher ideals and the plight of real people in very real trouble.

Your comments about the lack of motivation among outside people is of course well understood.... I've been down that road many times and for a longer time than I like to think about. And I relate to your statement about activism and its giving meaning and direction while offering mean-

ingful content to relationships. But that is one of the major problems in modern living nowadays.... That's what happened when we no longer had to fight the forest and elements and for survival any longer, we just ran out of things to hassle with, except each other; and that sure isn't a substitute for having to get out and do what has to be done. Life is so much easier when the enemy and conflicts are straightforward and upfront. That's part of what I'm saying about the difference between maximum and medium/minimum security prison experience. Shit, you hear



guys all the time saying things like, "At least when I was in Dorchester, K.P., the Haven, wherever, I knew where I stood ...I mean, Man, there wasn't the head games trips that go down in a medium joint..." The statement is easily understood, but the guys using that kind of thing to explain their experience really don't know how far off base they are -- which is part of being in maximum-security: everything gets bent out of shape, on all sides of any argument or conflict. But how could it be any other way when you figure what people are doing to each other on a daily basis? And that's not just directed at the bulls...who is more down on most cons than most cons? Shit, if it was up to the average con walking around, Capital Punishment wouldn't even be something being debated: it would just be taken for granted that you die if you fuck with the wrong people. I know that kind of thinking comes out of a context of people having been fucked around wanting to get their licks in, but that doesn't change the fact that it's outright piggishness.

Bob Eby,
Springhill, Nova Scotia

Chimurenga

Comrades and Friends, Salutation and Greetings with a Clenched Fist!

A 'Luta Continua: For Inmates For Actions/ Families For Actions, as for the Brothers and Sisters at the BULLDOZER, our struggle does continues.

"Now not only does society commit more frightful crimes than any individual king or commoner; it legalizes its crimes, and forges certificates of rightenousness for them, besides torturing anyone who exposes its true character.

"Imprisonment, as it exists today, is a worse crime than any of those committed by its victims; for no single criminal can be as powerful for evil or as unrestrained in its exercise, as an organized nation."

George Bernard Shaw, 1946

Brother, is it not ironic that our brothers and sisters are miseducated and misinformed to believe that we, the prisoners, are the real criminals of this society? Yet, it has been said time and time again, both by individuals and groups of individuals, that the real criminals are not those supposedly found imprisoned behind and entombed within prison walls, but are those found in control of those very security-interest-rights they have sworn to defend and protect; found in the higher echelon of power, controlling our very existence with their high-faluting sense of just-us-ness and fair/their play, and Godliness... the very seat of government itself. Yes, the real criminal roams free to commit more crimes against the humanity of man.

Brother, throughout my years of being let out of society and illegally held in prison, a captive of the state, I have continued to issue protest, and shout my inability to accept the reality of being imprisoned while the real criminal runs free. For myself, and my brothers and sisters incarcerated in prisons everywhere, the reality of prison is in the true sense of its being the realization and manifestation of the haves' conspiracy to commit legalized genocide against the have-nots, and deliberately undermine our individual and collective efforts towards progressive action to

create a better world and a more meaningful life for ourselves and those oppressed and exploited by greed and selfish governmental interest/monopoly-capitalist domination.

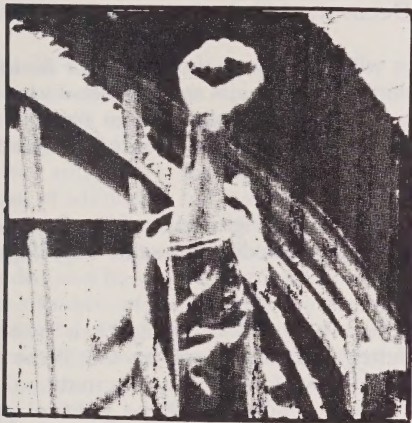
As Chairman of Inmates For Action Atmore/ Holman Collective, a prisoners organization for political and human rights, my interest is towards assisting my fellow prisoners/ comrades identify with their self-responsibility to correct their attitudes and miseducation as it regards their continued neglect to respect the rights of others, and their continued neglect to respect themselves by defending, protecting human interest over a desire for selfish material accomplishments, rid themselves of the so-called criminal mentality and recognize their inherent human potentials and qualities.

This situation exists because citizens have not demanded anything better. The citizens have not demanded anything better because they are under the illusion, caused by massive misinformation/miseducation and deliberate distortion of facts, that criminals are mutants of society that need to be placed in isolation, to protect society from their evil mental-agression for criminal trespass, and to protect their hard-earned livelihood.

No one is born a criminal. Crime is caused by the conditions manifest in society. We live in an ultra-racist, ultra-sexist, ultra-classist, ultra-political repression in this society, and thus, crime is a by-product of racism, disparity of wealth, and the political repression, sexism, rampant and inherent in this society, so-called amerikkka.

I, and those aligned with me, are concerned with being of assistance to prisoners and the families of prisoners in their efforts to change the inhumane conditions within jails and prisons, by establishing institutions that respect human rights and human dignity. Already millions of women and men and children are jobless, undereducated, mis-educated, to such a great extent that the future escalation of the prison population is inevitable, and governmental interest in further exploiting the tax-free-slave-labor of the so-called criminal continues to intensify unabated.

In amerikkka there are more prison institutions and prisoners than in any other country in the world. The prison industry



is the third largest industry in amerikkka: Amerikkka spends more money on prisons and jails than it does on education and health-care for its poor and underemployed/unemployed, and unemployable, as a result of this continued miseducation and undereducation. There is something fundamentally wrong with a so-called demon-cratc society that produces more prisoners than it does college students and graduates!

Thus, I have felt, and convinced others similarly situated that we must organize ourselves and our families to deal with the attack on the poor, defenseless and minority people struggling for a better life for themselves and kindred, which shows we have only been victimized by a conspiracy committed against our humanity, through the use of prisons; and to build a strong mass-based organization capable of correcting these contradictions, and protecting women-rights, family-rights, children-rights, men-rights and HUMAN RIGHTS, and discern the direction necessary for a viable-constructive re-organization of our lives and our communities, we must enhance our knowledge and intelligently apply our energies towards the continued growth and development of society in a positive direction, more human conscious than at present, where it is only moving further down the road towards more human oppression and exploitation. Manufacturing crime, and creating more prisons, warehouses of oppression and exploitation, and the continued dehumanization of mankind, the poor and innocent.

Let's establish human rights! But let's protect them, too! FOR ALL!!!

We are with you in our efforts to reach more people outside that they may be enriched and enlightened by our experiences in prison, and thus unite with us to rid the world of this injustice and dehumanizing product we have unintelligently created

Keep up the good work you are doing with BULLDOZER, also.

CHIMURENGA:

In struggle:
Let's tear the walls down,

Sekou

Redneck Brigade

There is no peace
When the Redneck Brigade
Is on the rampage
Tearing up cells,
Confiscating harmless contraband,
Enforcing every petty rule
Arbitrarily
Putting everyone on edge.
They hold in their hands
A badge---power
Never held before
In all their ineffectual lives
To assert
Their will
At random
Upon others
Who have no recourse,
Who cannot protest,
But must submit
To the knowledge
That some
Will never
Be held
Responsible
For the havoc
They wreak.

Tim England,

St. Mary's Honor Center
1548 Papin
St. Louis, Mo. 63103

Red Army Hunger-Strike

The collective hungerstrike of the imprisoned guerillas of the Red Army Faction (RAF) in West Germany began February 2, 1981 to demand the application of the minimum guarantees of the Geneva Convention for prisoners of war. Below is a statement we have received from the West German support group, "Women Against Imperialism", commenting upon the hungerstrike, the opposition by the state, and the progression of the support work.

We are reprinting this statement both to inform North American prisoners as to what is happening in the European prison struggles and as an act of solidarity with the West German political prisoners and their determined resistance to the attack upon their identity. While we in the Bulldozer collective are not in agreement with all of the politics and practise of the RAF, we recognise the inevitability of armed struggle against the various states making up the western bloc. Such armed resistance is symptomatic of the level of tensions and repression upon which our "social prosperity" is based. Support for imprisoned fighters must go beyond theoretical and historical differences. Each and every person who is ground down by the state increases the arrogant assumption of those in power that they have free reign to do as they wish.

Our understanding of the western 'justice' system indicates to us that all prisoners are to a degree political prisoners. The conscious assault upon the personages and institutions of international capital which characterizes the activities of the RAF and other urban guerilla groups demands that we support the struggles of the imprisoned comrades as overtly political prisoners and their just demands to be treated as prisoners of war.

We urge our readers to express their solidarity and to find out more about the struggle of the political prisoners in West Germany by writing Women Against Imperialism at the following addresses:

Fraubuchladen
c-o Rosalinde
Bismarkstr. 98
D-2,000 Hamburg 20
West-Germany

AKAS
c-o Postfach 3021
4 Dusseldorf 1
West Germany

Sigurd Debus was killed!

Together with the prisoners of the RAF he fought for association in groups. His struggle shows his political identity. Only his knowledge that he was fighting collectively and not as an individual enabled him to fight as consequently he did.

On April 16th the hungerstrike of the RAF prisoners ended. Sigurd Debus died the same day, killed by the authorities.

The prisoners of the RAF ended their hungerstrike after a letter had been sent by the West German Secretary of Justice to Amnesty International, stating that the prison conditions of the political prisoners would be changed if the hungerstrike ended. Sigurd Debus at that time had been in a civilian hospital for over a week, he was unconscious and he was kept alive only by intravenous feeding and oxygen being pumped into his lungs. On Wednesday the 15th his brain stopped working, he was clinically dead and was artificially kept legally alive. On Thursday, the day the RAF prisoners openly stated the end of their hungerstrike, Sigurd was proclaimed dead by the authorities. Sigurd was murdered. He did not die of starvation, he died of massive brain cerebrage (bleeding in the brain) and his death is a direct result of the fact that he was forcefed and of the methods used to forcefeed him. Sigurd was one of the first prisoners to be forcefed and he was forcefed by infusions, ie he was strapped to his bed up to eleven hours a day and fluid was pumped into his veins.

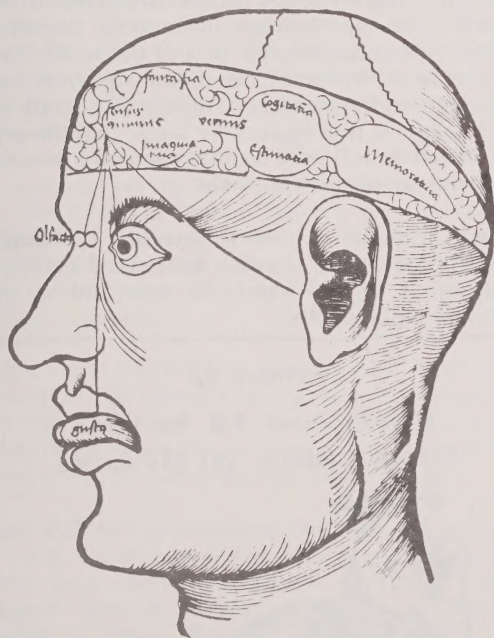
This is a very brutal way of forcefeeding and he describes the results of it in a letter:

"...after an infusion of carbohydrates, I was not able to sit up for more than five minutes...My heart was going very fast and there was pain in the left side of my chest. I was unable to move quickly, unable to lie on my side, I laid on my back, head slightly raised, feeling sick. Dizziness. I had the feeling that my legs and spine kept turning faster and faster, spiralwise. I lost consciousness at times."

One week before Sigurd was transfered to a civilian hospital, the prison doctor, without having made a

The first few weeks of the hungerstrike were marked by a total ban on all information. There was no news at all in the media concerning the strike. Four press conferences were held by the lawyers during this period but nothing appeared in the papers. At the same time the prisoners were harassed; their cell were searched, some were transferred to other prisons, Angelika Speitel (Cologne) was thrown into special punishment cells at various times during the strike, her lawyer was not allowed to see her, information was given to the press that she had tried to commit suicide (she did try earlier but has not done so again). False information was given to the prisoners as to the development of the strike and the participation of other prisoners with the aim of destroying the collective action the prisoners had started. Support work was criminalised, law offices were raided in search of the hungerstrike declaration. People who did support work were arrested for handing out leaflets. To openly demand the prisoners of the RAF be put together in groups (the demands of the hungerstrikers) had already been criminalised by a court ruling in January when three people were convicted for 'advertising in favour of a terrorist group' because they had displayed at a meeting a banner calling for the association in groups for the RAF prisoners. This and the fact that at the very beginning of the hungerstrike two people were arrested (and are still in jail, as are about 40 others who were arrested during the strike) for handing out leaflets stating the prisoners' demands, was an attempt to make all support work impossible.

Sigurds death was planned. It was carefully planned that he should die because the most could be made out of his death in the media. Sigurd was not a member of the RAF, but he joined the hungerstrike not, as the authorities would have the public to believe, out of solidarity, but because the demands of the RAF prisoners were also his own. He wanted to be put together with prisoners of RAF as they were his comrades and he was determined not to bear any longer the situation of the so-called 'reform prison' he was in where he could not develop and communicate with anyone of his own history and identity.



The Irish hungerstrike had started a month after the RAF prisoners had gone on strike. During the time of the two hungerstrikes, there were various meetings between West German and British (and Irish) authorities. It is obvious that the two states talked about the hungerstrikes and that they have developed a collective strategy to deal with them.

The news ban on the hungerstrike was broken when numerous actions and demonstrations made it impossible for the authorities to further ignore the strike. This was at a time when quite a few of the prisoners were already in a very bad condition. The news coverage was a direct preparation of the public for the death of a prisoner. The prisoners demands were falsified in the press, it was said that they demanded to all be put in one prison, that they demanded POW status.

The prisoners were thus shown to the public as political maniacs and potential suicides; determined

So it was not just an act of solidarity but an act of political consciousness and self-determination that made him join the hungerstrike. The authorities let his murder coincide with the ending of the hungerstrike to show the public that the RAF is willing and able to sacrifice the life of someone who was not even a member of their own group for their unreasonable demands, to show that the RAF is determined to 'step over corpses'.

(and going) to die for their demands that could never be granted and that would be dangerous to the public to grant. So the public was prepared for the death of a prisoner. This death was pictured as inevitable and it was said to be surely followed by 'terrorist' activity.

**14.7. in der TU 19^{oo}
informationen über: ver-
folgung, knast, prozesse
und was uns alle angeht**

15.7. demonstration 13^{oo}

AMTSGERICHT CHARLOTTENBURG - GEDÄCHTNISKIRCHE

**15.7.71 petra schelm
erschossen**



**und
lernen kämpfen**

The hungerstrike was ended as we have already stated when a letter was sent by the Secretary of Justice to Amnesty International, stating that he would see to it that the total isolation of prisoners would end. The murder of Sigurd Debus was made to coincide with the end to split up and weaken the solidarity movement. The work that we did during the first weeks of the strike were mostly aimed at breaking the news ban and at establishing a broad-based solidarity movement. We held meetings and organised demonstrations. The first phase was marked by actions like the relatives' occupation of the Spiegel (large press monopoly) building. The solidarity movement was growing slowly and it found ways and means to break by actions and demonstrations the news ban despite the criminalization, despite people being watched all the time.

The solidarity movement in this hungerstrike had, compared to other hungerstrikes, a new quality. More people took part and more and more people

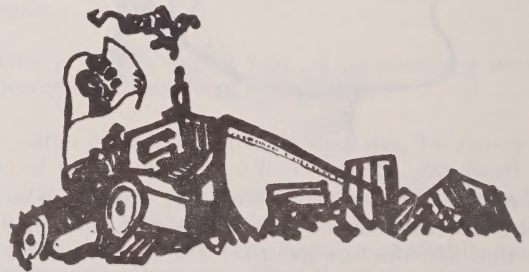
were prepared to engage in militant actions. People in various parts of the movement have become aware of the prisoners and have found ways and means to integrate the prisoners' struggle into their work.

In killing Sigurd the state has again, just as in 1977 (murder in Stammheim) demonstrated its will and ability to destroy militant prisoners. But the reaction of the left is different this time. In 1977 the greater part of the militant left was paralysed after the murder of the comrades in Stammheim. 1977 was followed by a period of stagnation and disorientation, people desperately tried to find ways to escape the system without having to fight it (boom of the alternative movement) as fighting the system had proven to be very dangerous indeed. But now the situation has changed again. We know the enemy, we are fighting and we are prepared to fight him. It is important now that the hungerstrike has ended to keep on fighting for better prison conditions for our prisoners. This has become even more important now that prison has become part of the reality for a great part of the militant left (militant squatters have been sentenced to long terms, anti-nuclear people are being brought to trial again.) We know that the prisoners' demands will only be implemented if we continue to put pressure on the state.

We will continue to work towards building a movement that is able to crush the unified Europe of repression. A lot still has to be done but we will continue to work together.

Printed by

Black Cat Press P.O. Box 11261
Edmonton, Alberta T5J 2T6 Canada



Return to:
P.O.B. 5052, Station A,
Toronto, Ontario,
Canada
M5W 1W4

We are anxiously awaiting to hear from the government of Libya regarding our application for funding under their **Opportunities for Foreign Radicals** program so that we can continue to raise mayhem and create chaos here in North America

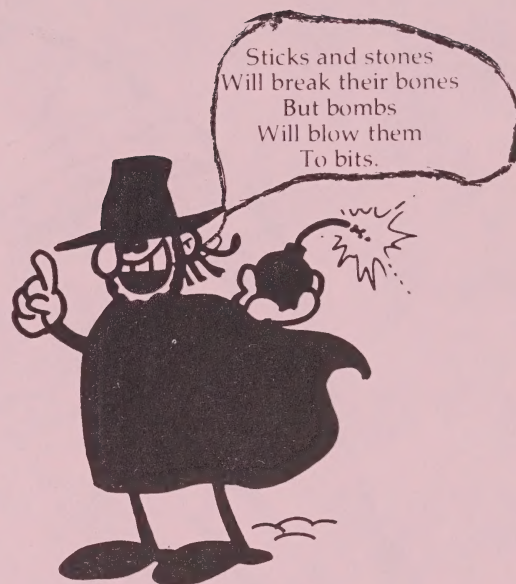
But until we hear from our good friend, Colonel Gadaffi there is nothing little we can do but to appeal to you to help us keep **Bulldozer** going. We appreciate the generous contributions that we received after our second issue. But our local financial base has erroded as of late and it is up to the collective members to make up the difference between our expenses and donations. So if you can help out at all it would be much appreciated by both us & the people inside those stone walls to whom **Bulldozer** is a gift that is much looked forward to. Even a dollar or two helps out.

In Total Resistance is a very well produced booklet available for \$2.50 (Am.) from the Leonard Peltier Support Group at P.O.B. 178, Mohegan Lake, N.Y. 10547. This very worthy booklet contains prose and poetry from Peltier, Standing Deer and the late Bobby Gene Garcia.

More material on the Indian issues can be obtained from the Leonard Peltier Defence Committee at P.O.B. 1492, Rapid City, S.D. 57709. This group produces a newsletter called **Crazy Horse Spirit**. Again, please help with the postage costs when putting in requests.

The Unknown, P.O.B. 81091, Seattle, WA., 98101, has reprinted the talk Russel Means gave at last summer's Black Hills Gathering. This has appeared in several magazines but if you haven't seen it yet, or would like to distribute it, please contact the above group.

A Basic Call to Consiousness describes the political and social context of the development of the Six Nations and their interactions with the white interlopers on their territory. The book is available from Plenty Canada, R.R. 4 Lanark, Ont., K0G 1K0 for \$2.50; or from **Akwesasne Notes** (which is worthwhile checking out itself) Mohawk Nation, via Roosevelttown, N.Y. 13683. In their most recent issue, they announced publication of a new revised edition for \$5.50, bulk discounts are available on orders of 12 or more.



Midnight Express, P.O.B. 2209, Edmonton, Alta, is a prisoners' paper from Sharpe's Farm, Penitentiary. Please send a dollar for a sample copy. **InsideOUT** is a literary journal featuring prison writing and art work. Subscriptions are \$5, available from them at, G.P.O. Box 1185, New York, N.Y. 10116.

Finally, two phamphlets: **Naskapi Independence and the Caribou** describes the crushing through economic means one of the most determinedly independent of all tribes by the Hudson's Bay Company. And a reprint of **Campaign Against the Model West Germany No. 7; The Atomic State and the People Who Have To Live In It** are both available from Box 282, Station E, Montreal, P.Q. H2T 3A7.

The newest issue of **Anarchist Black Dragon** is now available from P.O.B.2, Station La Cité, Montreal, P.Q. It includes alot of prison news and information from around the continent. Free to prisoners donations from non-prisoners would be much appreciated.

The HAPOTOC Newsletter, P.O.B. 10638, Amsterdam, The Netherlands, continues to publish with its informative material on the international prison struggles. It is certainly very worthwhile sending away for. It survives only by donations as well.

